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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

APRIL, 1931

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SOME PARABLES OF THE BUDDHA

IT has been well said that when a great Master incarnates, his whole life is a parable. Not only does he teach spiritual law; he visibly lives spiritual law at every moment of his existence. And, since the central spiritual fact of our lives on earth is struggle, conflict, trial, it is natural and inevitable that, in the life of a great Master incarnated in the world, there should be formal representation of trial and conflict, in order to make more intelligible to mankind the struggles through which we must all pass, the temptations which we must face and overcome, if we are to go forward on the heavenly way.

The temptations of Christ in the wilderness are of this nature: a rendering visible and intelligible of trials and conflicts which all men must face, because they are inherent in the very nature of our life, with its necessary adjustment between the strong tendencies of the personal and the universal self. The individual life must first be evolved to full consciousness and freedom of action. It must then be subordinated to the universal life, its fate merged in the larger destinies of the universal. And that transition, that transformation, can hardly take place without conflict. If accomplished wholly without resistance, the result would probably be limp, negative, without spiritual force.

Therefore, in the history of Christ, we have the temptation of the Master by Satan, with the offer of "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them"; and it is of great interest to find a similar trial recorded of the Buddha, before he had attained to full illumination. There is, further, a subtle ingenuity in the proposal made by Mara, the tempter, in the trial of Prince Siddhartha, in contrast with the brazen suggestion of Satan, that Jesus should fall down and worship him.

The story goes that Prince Siddhartha had renounced his royal heritage, his family, every tie that bound him to the world; and that, after inflicting upon his body the extremes of self-discipline and privation, he had retired to a forest

hut among the Himalaya mountains, there to meditate and search for illumination. The region which he chose was not a solitude of ice, forests and rocks. There were hill tribes at no great distance, with their chieftains and rulers, as there are to-day, even high among the hills. And we are told that at that time the chieftains and princes of the tribes ruled oppressively over the tribesmen. When Prince Siddhartha saw men persecuted and punished by these wicked princes, in contrast with the just and orderly government to which he had been habituated at Kapilavastu, under his royal father's rule, he was moved to compassion. And being moved to compassion he considered thus within himself:

"Is it not possible to exercise sovereignty without killing or causing to kill, without conquering or causing to conquer, without grieving or causing grief, with justice and with righteousness?"

Now it happened that Mara, the evil tempter, perceived within himself the thought that was passing in the mind of Prince Siddhartha, and reflected thus:

"The ascetic of the Gotama clan is considering within himself: 'Is it not possible to exercise sovereignty?' It must therefore be that he harbours within him a desire for sovereignty. And this desire for sovereignty may well cause a loss of recollection. If he does exercise sovereignty, I may be able to catch him off his guard. I will, therefore, draw near to him and fan the spirit of ambition within him!"

Therefore Mara, the tempter, drew near to Prince Siddhartha and thus addressed him:

"Noble Sir! Would it not be well for you yourself to exercise sovereignty? For it would be possible for you to exercise sovereignty without killing or causing to kill, without conquering or causing to conquer, without grieving or causing to grieve, with justice and righteousness!"

Prince Siddhartha thus replied to Mara, the tempter:

"Evil One, what do you see in me that causes you to speak to me thus?"

Mara, the tempter, answered Prince Siddhartha:

"Noble Sir! You have fully developed the four principles of magic power. If you should formulate the resolve: 'Let the Himalaya, the king of mountains, be turned to gold!' the Himalaya would straightway become gold. And, assuming sovereignty, you could work with this gold unlimited good!"

But Prince Siddhartha replied: "I admonish you, Evil One! I have nothing in common with you!"

Since it is improbable that the discomfited Mara brought this story to the recorders of the Buddhist scriptures, the narrative must come from the Buddha himself. It is evident that he dramatized and made objective an inner experience. The story of Mara, the tempter, is a parable.

And in fact, apart from the more formal discourses delivered upon set occasions, as when the Buddha was called on to address visitors who came to inquire concerning his teaching, we shall find that much of his doctrine took the form of parable, of vivid stories so perfectly formed as to be readily understood and remembered without effort.

Among these parables, many of which are touched with humour, is one which conveys a vital lesson in a highly original way. It concerns a girl who, making the acquaintance of eggs, conceived such a liking for them that she would thenceforth be content with no other kind of food. At first she was willing to wait until her mother gave her an egg. But presently the craving for eggs grew upon her, so that she went to the hens' nests and helped herself to their eggs.

A certain hen had made a secluded nest, and was beginning to lay, looking forward to a happy brood of chicks. But the girl, alert in her search, discovered the nest, and day by day, as a fresh egg was laid, appropriated it and regaled herself.

The hen was incensed against the girl, and expressed her hostility in this earnest wish: "When my term comes to an end, and I pass out of this existence, may I be reborn as a destroyer, so that I may be able to devour your children!"

So her term was fulfilled and she died, and in that very house she was reborn as a cat. And the girl likewise reached her term and died, and in that very house she was reborn as a chicken which grew into a hen. When the time came for her to lay eggs, the cat discovered them and ate them; and this happened not once only, but a second time and a third.

Then said the hen who had been the girl: "Three times have you eaten my eggs, and you would eat me also! When I have passed out of this state of existence, may I be reborn in such a shape that I can devour you and your children!"

So, when her term was fulfilled and she passed out of existence, she was reborn as a leopardess. And the cat which had been a hen likewise passed out of existence and was reborn as a doe. And when the doe brought forth fawns, the leopardess came and devoured both the fawns and the doe. And thus it continued through five hundred existences; each in turn devoured the other and brought suffering upon the other. And finally they were reborn as women, the enmity still persisting between them.

At this time it happened that they heard the teaching of the Buddha, and were converted. Wherefore it is said: "Hatred ceases not by hatred. Hatred ceases only by love."

Sometimes the Buddha wove into a parable the incidents that happened in the training of disciples, as in the following story, which teaches a lesson of great profundity and beauty.

It may be remembered that the senior disciple, Sariputra, was somewhat satirically taken to task by the Buddha, when he broke out into ecstasies concerning the supreme wisdom of his Master. In the following incident, Sariputra's zeal seems once again to have outstripped his wisdom. He had in his care, it seems, a younger disciple, a happy and vigorous youth, well disposed toward the teaching, always obedient and ready to undertake generous efforts. Sariputra, thinking only of the young disciple's vigour, and of the temptations which naturally beset one of his years, set him to meditate on the truth of bodily corruption and decay, thinking that in this way revulsion would be aroused and possible temptation anticipated and overcome.

The youth cheerfully accepted the subject of meditation which Sariputra

proposed to him, and, retiring to a refuge in the forest, set himself to conjuring up images of corruption and decay.

But the harder he tried, the less progress he made, his mind and imagination swerving aside, and refusing to dwell upon the repellent themes that had been set him. And, when he described the matter to his preceptor, Sariputra was perplexed and brought to a stand. So he determined to have recourse to the supreme wisdom of the Buddha. Therefore, taking the young disciple, he went to the dwelling at Jetavana where the Buddha was.

When Sariputra had related the matter to the Buddha, the Master made clear to the senior disciple that the mind of man is complex and mysterious, and that it is given only to the fully enlightened to penetrate all its mysteries. Having thus reconciled Sariputra to his failure, the Buddha set himself to study the mind of the young disciple. With clear and penetrating vision surpassing the vision of mortals, he surveyed the previous states of existence of the youth, and asked Sariputra from what family the young disciple had come in his present birth. Sariputra answered that the boy's father was a goldsmith, and that the youth himself had gained considerable skill in the goldsmith's art. Then the Buddha, further studying the past existences of the young disciple, perceived that through five hundred past existences he had been born in the goldsmith's family and in no other, and that through five hundred births he himself had worked as a goldsmith, moulding the ruddy gold into forms like the golden-yellow cassia blossom, or the yellow water-lily. For this reason, the Buddha saw that subjects of meditation, repellent and calculated to cause revulsion, were unsuited to the young disciple. The only subject of meditation appropriate for him would be one with elements of beauty.

Therefore the Buddha, exercising his magical creative power, formed a golden lotus as large as the wheel of a cart, with clear drops of water on the leaves and stalk, saying:

"Disciple, take this golden lotus and, going to the outskirts of the rest-house, set its stem in a heap of sand. Then, seated before it in the posture of meditation, repeat the words, 'Rose-red! Rose-red!' "

The young disciple took the great golden lotus from the Master, and, as he took it, his heart was filled with peace. Going to the outskirts of the rest-house where there was a heap of sand, he set the stem of the golden flower in the sand and, seated before it in the posture of meditation, began to repeat the words, "Rose-red! Rose-red!"

And, as he repeated the words, he entered into the successive stages of contemplation. The Buddha, following the course of the young disciple, raised with himself the question whether the young disciple, having already gone so far, could proceed unaided to the end. And, raising the question, the Buddha perceived that the young disciple could not gain the goal unaided.

Therefore, once more exerting his magical creative power, the Buddha caused the petals of the lotus of gold to shrivel and grow black, as though they had been trampled upon and broken. And beholding them thus withered, the young disciple thus bethought him:

"If creatures which, like this golden lotus, have no attachments to earthly things, are thus subject to fading and decay, much more must hearts and minds filled with attachments to earthly things suffer age, decay and death."

So he took the first step toward that realization of the impermanence of all separate things which, when it reaches fulness, leads to supreme detachment.

Now, it happened that, on the outskirts of the rest-house, there was a pond in which grew lotuses, the petals of whose buds were rose-red. And a group of boys, descending into the lotus-pond, plucked the buds, and after no long time threw them upon the bank to wither. Then the young disciple saw that the tips of their petals became brown and sere, no longer rose-red like the petals of the buds that still grew in the pond. So he thought once again:

"If creatures which, like the rose-petalled lotuses, have no attachments to earthly things, are nevertheless subject to fading and decay, much more must the hearts and minds of men filled with attachments to earthly things, suffer age, decay and death."

Thus was the young disciple perfected in detachment. And the Buddha, perceiving that the young disciple had attained the goal of contemplation, manifested himself to him as a luminous image, saying:

"Cut off the love of self, even as you would break off a lotus bud with your hand. Advance along the path of peace. This is the way to Nirvana."

While it is altogether probable that this incident of the youthful disciple happened much as it has been recorded, yet in a deeper sense the Buddha turned the essence of it into a parable, and one of great depth and beauty. His supreme insight may well have penetrated the story of the disciple's past existences, yet it is more probable that he schematized them in the story of five hundred lives as a goldsmith, occupied life after life in moulding with ruddy gold the fair forms of the golden-yellow cassia blossom and of the yellow water-lily; and that he did this in order to make more intelligible to the senior disciple, Sariputra, the quality of an artistic nature, which is repelled and rendered inert by ugliness, but which, in compensation, may be led by visible forms of beauty to the threshold of the hidden, everlasting beauty.

In somewhat the same way, the Buddha turns into a parable a question addressed to him by the noble Ananda, another leader among the disciples, who was particularly close to the Buddha, and thus came within the circle of the Buddha's radiant humour. For, if the truth be told, the noble Ananda asked a rather futile and foolish question, and his great Master, turning it into a parable, made it a vehicle of enduring wisdom.

The noble Ananda was seated one evening engaged, as he supposed, in meditation, but in reality allowing his thoughts to drift hither and thither, with no very definite goal.

"There are", considered within himself the noble Ananda, "three perfumes of the highest excellence: the perfume of sandal wood, the perfume extracted from roots, and the perfume of flowers. All these perfumes of the highest excellence the Master possesses. But each of these perfumes travels with the wind and not against the wind. But the question is, whether there may be some per-

fume that travels against the wind, or even some perfume that travels both with the wind and against the wind."

No doubt, the noble Ananda herein manifested a certain aptitude for experimental physics, but, strictly speaking, he was not pursuing spiritual wisdom. However, he soon came to himself and said:

"What use is there in my seeking to settle this question by myself? Let me ask the Master!"

So, on a certain evening, when a favourable occasion had arisen, the noble Ananda drew near to the Buddha, and, when he had drawn near, he addressed the Master thus:

"Sire, there are three perfumes which travel with the wind, but not against the wind. What are the three? The perfume of sandal wood, the perfume extracted from roots, and the perfume of flowers. These three perfumes, Sire, travel with the wind, but in no case do they travel against the wind. But, Sire, this question arises: whether there may be some perfume that travels against the wind, or even some perfume that travels both with the wind and against the wind."

The Master replied: "Ananda, there is a substance whose perfume goes both with the wind and against the wind."

"But, Sire, what is the substance whose perfume goes both with the wind and against the wind?"

"Ananda, if there be any follower of the Buddha, one who goes to the Buddha as refuge, to the Law of Righteousness as refuge, to the Order as refuge; one who refrains from taking life, from theft, from sensuality, from lying, from intoxicants that destroy recollection; one who follows virtue and righteousness, whose heart is free from avarice, a generous giver to those who have need,— in all parts of the world, followers of holiness will utter his praise. These good acts of that follower of the Buddha are the substances, Ananda, whose perfume travels both with the wind and against the wind."

Yet one more parable, this time concerning a member of a family which the Buddha greatly admired, and with some of whom he formed relations of peculiar intimacy: the parable of an elephant. When the Buddha was dwelling with his disciples in the rest-house at Jetavana, he told the disciples this story concerning an old war elephant that had belonged to the King of Kosala.

In his younger days, this elephant possessed great strength, but as the years passed, old age came upon him, and he was buffeted by the winds of time. One day, being thus oppressed with years, he waded out into the lake, and, becoming mired in the thick and sticky mud, was brought to a stand amid the waters, able neither to go forward nor to go back.

The people along the shore of the lake, seeing the old elephant in this grievous plight, began to exclaim:

"Is it not strange that an elephant, once so powerful and valorous, should become so weak!"

Word of the elephant's mishap came to the King of Kosala, and, summoning the keeper, he bade him draw the elephant forth from the mire of the lake.

Now the keeper was a wise man, understanding thoroughly the mind of elephants.

Therefore he set upon his head a helmet, and, bringing to the shore of the lake, one whose duty it was to sound the drum for battle, bade him now beat the battle-drum.

When the elephant heard the drum and saw the helmet on his driver's head, his valorous heart was enkindled, and, quickly setting himself free, he walked up out of the lake and stood upon dry ground.

Then said the Buddha to his disciples: "That elephant freed himself from the mud of the lake. But you have flung yourselves into the mire of evil passions. Therefore strive with all your might to set yourselves free, rejoicing in recollection!"

Where Thou art—that is Home,
Cashmere or Calvary—the same,
Degree—or shame,
I scarce esteem location's name
So I may come.

What Thou do'st is delight,
Bondage as play be sweet,
Imprisonment content
And sentence sacrament,
Just we two meet!

Where Thou art not is Woe—
Though bands of spices blow,
What Thou do'st not—Despair—
Though Gabriel praise me, Sir!—EMILY DICKINSON.

FRAGMENTS

THE mystic life is a crucified life,—it can be no other; so the world shudders and turns aside. Yet some there are who see the fringe of light about its darkness: let us consider for a moment what they see.

Suffering is a mysterious baptism. By means of it the earth of lower nature is stripped, is worn away, and we are enabled to expand in the grace and glory of the spiritual life. So be, however, that we yield ourselves to its stern discipline, and do not harden by resistance to it. A great saint has called it "a precious agony", if only we would say from the depths of our hearts: *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,* in the midst of its torturing flames. For thus, in the denial of our mortal life, our liberation is achieved; we die the mystic death, preferable to all such life, and we rise to the new, the glorified life, godlike, immortal.

These dissolutions and transformations take place in consciousness, as part of a divine chemistry,—there need be no outward sign, though it is rare for such conflicts of the spirit not to find expression outwardly. Once accomplished, however, they become manifest on every plane; our friend is our friend, yet he has completely changed in that he has transcended himself—as must be the case with all who pass through the portals of death to higher spheres. But this is of record for our remembering, that the truths of the stony heights of Calvary are not to be understood by the mind,—they must be meditated on and lived; then understanding follows.

What discourse, no matter how sublime, ever spoke with more power than the silence of Christ before his accusers, rising above the clamours of the mob who sought his life, ringing down the centuries the supreme lesson of Life Eternal—self-renouncement.

"My children", said Angela of Foligno, "nothing fills me with such apprehension as self-love." O wisdom of the risen life! Not many share the terrors of this brave lover of the Cross, but that is because they do not open their eyes to the light that floods from it. Only as we close our eyes to falsehood can we perceive the truth, as the ancient Justice had her eyes bandaged that she might function by a higher power. *Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears.*

Earthly happiness is of the surface at the best, and it could only exist as it draws its life, parasitically, from the Cross; a too hot sun, a touch of frost, and

it has gone. Pilate extricated himself from the difficulty of the moment, to fall into the world's opprobrium. We too can extricate ourselves from some demand of sacrifice, but only to turn from us the faces of the angels, and, sooner or later, to lie in the torment of our own self-condemnation, under the blazing anger of our souls: that, or the extinction belonging to whatever has divorced itself from reality.

Do we really love ourselves when we render ourselves incapable of the love of the Divine? for faculty is not developed by refusal of effort, nor by the passing gratification of the hour. So people have invented disbelief in the immortality of the soul, ignoring human instinct to the contrary, to make easy for themselves these gratifications and refusals. *Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.*

Lower nature is an idol of clay, an animal-man, which we wreathe with garlands, caress, and adore. Yet he stands between us and our inheritance, between us and all that is enduring, all that is worth while, all the meaning and value of life. "What think ye", said St. Bernard, "surely he is worthy of death". So it was necessary that the Masters of Wisdom should lay it down as a primary condition for discipleship that we shall utterly repudiate him, and wage unceasing warfare against him. *He who will enter upon the path of power must tear this thing out of his heart.*

Many are able to kneel at the foot of the Cross, and bless there the love and sacrifice—another's sacrifice—which holds a door open for our unwilling hearts, which makes it possible for us to sin without loss of all hope; but O how few have the courage to place themselves on their own cross beside that towering one, and to nail themselves to it. Yet for them and for them alone, the real sweetness of life is reserved, the heart of its meaning and splendour, since, through the darkness, come to them the words of light and joy: *Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*

CAVÉ.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

TO appreciate these letters and the events that called them forth, a certain amount of background must be supplied.

In 1875, members of the White Lodge, through their agent and messenger, H. P. Blavatsky, founded the Theosophical Society. Of necessity, at the instigation of the Black Lodge, working through human tendencies, the Society was attacked on all sides, chiefly in the person of H. P. Blavatsky, until the day of her death in 1891. Her death, however, did not mean that the Black Lodge ceased its efforts to disrupt and destroy the Society, and the Cause of which she had been the undaunted representative and standard-bearer. The Black Lodge works, not only through the envy, ambition, vanity and other evils in unpurified human nature, but also through organizations the spirit and purposes of which are self-seeking, sectarian, unscrupulous, and which are built upon the vanity and love of power of their membership. Of such organizations, the most subtle in their opposition to the work of H. P. B. had been certain groups of Brahmins in India; for the Brahmins are a caste, an hereditary priesthood, which considers it has an exclusive right to occult knowledge, and which deeply resents its attainment, and especially its dissemination in any form, by non-Brahmins. This is why the Brahmins drove Buddhism out of India,—Gautama Buddha, who was of the Kshatriya or Warrior caste, having attained the highest Wisdom independently of them, and then having thrown the door to its attainment wide open to people of all castes and races. The Masters, of whom H. P. B. was the mouthpiece, of course clearly recognized this situation from the beginning, and, characteristically, forced the issue into the open not very long after H. P. B. arrived in India. Through her, one of them sent a message to a group of Brahmins in Allahabad, who had joined the Theosophical Society for their own purposes. The message is of lasting significance in connection with the attacks on Judge. It began: "Message which Mr. Sinnett is directed by one of the Brothers, writing through Madame B[lavatsky], to convey to the native members of the Prayag Branch of the Theosophical Society." The message continued: "The Brothers desire me to inform one and all of you *natives* that unless a man is prepared to become a thorough Theosophist, *i.e.* to do what D[amodar] Mavalankar did—give up entirely caste, his old superstitions, and show himself a true reformer (especially in the case of child-marriage), he will remain simply a member of the Society, with no hope whatever of ever hearing from us." The rest of the message, with Judge's illuminating comment, is given in *The Path* of March, 1895 (vol. IX, p. 430). It was, in fact, blunt notice to the Brahmins of India that their system was opposed to the principles of the White Lodge and of Theosophy, and, with few exceptions, the Brahmins never forgave and never forgot it.

After H. P. B.'s death, Judge became the standard-bearer. If proof of this were needed, it is found in the fact that attacks, formerly levelled at her, were now turned against him,—and exactly the same kind of attacks from exactly the same source. The instruments used were different: that was all. Vanity and jealousy existed; these were used. Love of power and "occult" ambition existed; these were used. Personal resentment existed; that was used. Nothing could have been accomplished, however, without Mrs. Besant, who, although young in Theosophical experience and membership (she had joined the Society in 1889), was a great orator with an international reputation, and who, furthermore, held a position which gave her much influence with members of the Society in Europe and India, where Judge was but little known. So, through the instrumentality of Mr. Bertram Keightley—at that time General Secretary of the Indian Section, closely associated with Colonel Olcott at Adyar—a very able and cultured Brahmin of Allahabad, Professor G. N. Chakravarti, was selected by several Sabhas or associations of Brahmins to represent them at the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago as part of the World's Fair of 1893. As he was a member of the Allahabad or "Prayag" Branch of the Theosophical Society, he spoke in that capacity also.

There are many thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, among the vast population of India, who possess genuine occult powers—of a kind. They have inherited knowledge, passed on by word of mouth, under stringent conditions, from countless generations of yogis and wonder-workers. Most of them can produce, by the cultivated power of will and imagination, what can best be described as collective hallucination; many of them are skilled in the use of Mantras, that is to say, briefly, the use of intoned words to effect changes in magnetic and psychological conditions.

One great difference between the White Lodge—which is trans-Himalayan and which includes men of many different races—and these schools of occultism in India, is that the White Lodge will not permit the development or cultivation of "powers" until the whole nature has been purified spiritually and purged of selfish motive, while the Brahminical and other occult schools in India, though some of them claim the same standards, have in fact lost the spirit and meaning of selflessness, and encourage the cultivation of "powers" regardless of the spiritual condition of the neophyte,—that is, so long as he obeys the letter of the laws of Manu and of caste. The result is that the "powers" ultimately developed by members of the White Lodge are spiritual and eternal, and are infinitely greater on higher planes than those developed in the Indian schools, which are psychic and transitory, though dazzling both to their possessor and to onlookers.

It will be understood by all older students of Theosophy, that if anyone had been connected, through H. P. B., with the White Lodge, and, later, had sought and accepted occult instruction from a representative of a different school, Brahminical or other, the immediate result would have been to sever that aspirant's connection with H. P. B.'s Masters.

None of which is said to detract from the occult accomplishments of Professor Chakravarti, which in many ways were remarkable, as the present writer could testify from personal observation and experience when Chakravarti was in London; it is said in order to explain how it was that someone who had not yet visited the Orient, who was quite a beginner, and who was avid of occult powers, might easily have been "captured" by such a man—literally fascinated —and how commonplace and unpromising Judge might have seemed in comparison, with his "kindergarten" talk about duty and work and moral discipline, his unqualified disapproval of psychic development, and his cold manner to emotional and adoring women. In any case, Chakravarti captured Mrs. Besant in less than two months: a masterly achievement,—of a kind. He sailed from India in June, 1893, spent two months in England, and had securely laid the foundation for all that followed by the time he sailed for New York with Mrs. Besant on August 26th. She both sought and received occult instruction from him, not only then, but over a period of years. It was this, incidentally, that paved the way for the "occultism" of Leadbeater, the succeeding influence,—the last and most terrible step in the *descensus Averni*.

Chakravarti played his cards with consummate skill and with considerable audacity. During his stay in America (September, 1893), he told Judge that H. P. B.'s message from Masters to the Allahabad Brahmins (to "you *natives*") was a "forgery or humbug" (see *The Path*, vol. IX, p. 431). Gradually he inoculated Mrs. Besant with the conviction which, after much association with Olcott in India, she finally voiced as her own in conversations with Judge in July, 1894,—namely that, first, "H. P. B. had committed several frauds for good ends and made bogus messages; second, that I [Judge] was misled by her example; and third, that H. P. B. had given me permission to do such acts." Judge adds (see *The Path*, vol. IX, p. 432): "I peremptorily denied such a horrible lie, and warned her that everywhere I would resist such attacks on H. P. B. These are facts, and the real issue is around H. P. B."

The real issue *was* around H. P. B.; but Judge's enemies knew it would be impolitic openly to attack her; that it would be far easier to undermine her—really, to destroy the latest effort of the White Lodge—by a flank attack on Judge: so all the public agitation was against him, while criticism of her and of her methods was circulated privately, in whispers. Olcott was an exception. While attacking Judge as savagely as any of them, he tried to undermine H. P. B. by a method best described as that of "affectionate" belittlement. His *Old Diary Leaves*, many of which were published at that time, might have been entitled, in the dreadful parlance of to-day, "The De-Bunking of H. P. B., by her Only Friend."

Behind it all, the Black Lodge; the rest was human nature at its worst: a sorry spectacle. But against that dark background, it will be seen from Judge's letters with what a pure, selfless and serene light he shines, and with what power. That this may be seen, is the reason and the only reason these letters are published. We are not concerned with the dead; let the dead bury them; they are doing so. They have long since ceased, for the most part, their attacks,

—thinking of him, instead of themselves, as dead. (Such confusions exist in that world.) Well,—he lives, as this 28th volume of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, among other things, proves; and that we who knew him and worked under him, and who could desire nothing better than to work under him again, also love him, is a fact there is no gainsaying. But to love him is easy for us who knew him, because we were given every reason, not only to trust him absolutely, but to recognize his one-pointed devotion to H. P. Blavatsky and to the purposes of the Lodge of which she was the Messenger; it would have been inexcusable if we had failed to see at least something of his greatness, and of his subordination of all personal considerations to the welfare of the Work to which he had dedicated his life. We knew from actual contact and experience—by their private as well as public behaviour—that in comparison with those who maligned and slandered him, he was as big as the ocean. Simply by being what he was, he revealed their pettiness, their vanity, their intense and bitter worldliness. But there are not many, to-day, who knew him. Necessarily, owing to the passage of time, to a majority of those who read the QUARTERLY, he is little more than a name; and while most members of the Society know that H. P. B. spoke and wrote of him as a chêla of many years' standing (and she wrote of no one else in those terms), and while all members know what his place and position in the Movement were,—comparatively few have a vivid picture of him as a man, of his methods, and of his reaction to the evils which beset him,—and they are entitled to this if it can be given to them.

No better means to that end can be imagined, in our opinion, than the publication of these letters, dashed off, as they were, in the midst of battle, and revealing far more of the real man than any amount of reminiscence. That they do not reveal the whole of him is inevitable, for an Occultist is many-sided always, and, in the words of Paul the Initiate, becomes "all things to all men", depending upon their personal condition and need. Thus, the early volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, having been written to a very different person, express sides of Judge's nature which should be combined with the sides which these later letters manifest.

Extracts from them have already been published in the second volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me*, but while, to some QUARTERLY readers, such passages will be familiar, it will be found, I believe, that they gain much added significance when read with their original context.

* * * * * * *

In 1893, when the earlier of these letters were written, the recipient was a Templar, a member of the Middle Temple in London, supposed to be studying law, but actually giving most of his time to work for Theosophy, helping at the London Headquarters at 19, Avenue Road, writing reviews for *Lucifer*, lecturing at Branches, and so forth. He had joined the Theosophical Society in the late summer of 1891, before meeting any of its members, and a few months before his twenty-first birthday. He had met Mr. Judge at the Convention of the European Section in July, 1892, and had been very deeply im-

pressed. Behind Mr. Judge's simplicity of demeanour, the boy had felt something great, and had loved it. Not attempting to define it at the time, it became easy, in later years, by recalling the impression, to see that the "something great" to which his whole heart had gone out, with a trust and devotion which never wavered, was not only a memory, but a sense of the man's extraordinary detachment from self, and singleness of purpose. Judge spoke (impossible to recall what he said, though the look in his eyes remains vivid) as if from some place of absolute stillness. "Judge", said the boy to himself, "is an Occultist." For one so young, both in years and in the work, such a verdict may have been presumptuous; but in any case he backed the opinion with everything he had or hoped for, and I am thankful to this day that he did.

More work in and around London, for another year, and still more time given to Theosophy and still less given to the law. Judge arrived again for the Convention (1893), and on this occasion I saw more of him. Judge gave me a copy of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, and wrote in it: "To Ernest Hargrove, from William Q. Judge: The light within is the only light which lighteth every man who cometh in the world; the Mahatmas and the light within are not different." "I was told to write that," Judge said, a year or two later in America.

With an English boy's shyness, I kept my devotion to myself, and left it to Judge to make the first advances as it were. This was partly out of respect, but was also due to ignorance of the fact that an Occultist is bound by the laws of the Lodge and of the spiritual world, and *must* leave it to the aspirant to declare himself. It was not until the air became thick with rumours adverse and hostile to Judge, that the boy's blood began to boil; and I wrote, not assuring Judge of my loyalty, for that would have implied the possibility of doubt, but with some direct reference to the attack of Walter R. Old which Colonel Olcott had published in *The Theosophist*. It was to this letter that Judge replied as follows:—

New York,
August 18th, 1893.

My dear Hargrove,

I have your letter with the suggestion for reprinting of *Path* articles, and thank you for it. I have considered it before, and one result was Letters that Helped. Other matter could be got out and perhaps one way would be to make another edition of the Letters and add to it. But the obstacle has been money as of that I have very little and don't know where to get it. But am sure that at the right time the needed money will come for the purpose. I am running so many things and the expenses of so many persons now that I do not dare to count it up as I might be appalled. I will keep your idea in mind just as I have some others packed away.

Yes, the Old business is already "a back number", stale and unprofitable. I have found that work tells. While others fume and fret and sleep, and now and then start up to criticize, if you go right on and work, and let time the great devourer do the other work, you will see that in a little while the others will

wake up once more to find themselves "left", as we say here in the land of slang. Do then that way. Your own duty is hard enough to find out, and by attending to that you gain, no matter how small the duty may be. The duty of another is full of danger. May you have the light to see and to do. This letter is not private, and if you like to read it to anyone else you may do so.

Tell H. T. Edge[1] to remember to work to the end to make himself an instrument for good work. Times change, men go here and there, and places need to be filled by those who can do the best sort of work and who are full of the fire of devotion and who have the right basis and a sure and solid one for themselves. My love to all.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The Theosophical Congress to which Mr. Judge refers in the next letter, was part of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, the sessions of which began on September 11th. The Congress itself was held on the 15th and 16th. Among others who spoke were Mr. Judge, Mrs. Annie Besant, Professor G. N. Chakravarti and Mr. Dharmapala. Meetings were held in halls seating 3,000 people, and were so crowded that many were turned away. The head-lines of newspaper reports of the Parliament mentioned Theosophy to the exclusion of all else, though most religions and innumerable denominations and sects were represented.

Mrs. Besant and Professor Chakravarti returned to London in the early part of October.

September 20th, 1893.

My dear Hargrove,

Am very glad to hear from you and do not mind what you do with the letter which I sent you. It is all right. I am so hurried with this long absence at the Congress that I can only drop you a note. The Congress was an immense success in every particular. I now have to go to work at getting up the report.

Sincerely in haste,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

October 5th, 1893.

My dear Hargrove,

Notwithstanding your request that I should not reply to yours enclosing the letter for the *Path*, I do so as I have a moment to spare,—not merely to excuse myself for not using the thing, but for the general idea involved. It is better not to notice this spirit to which you refer. Let them croak, and if we keep silent it will have no effect, and as there has been trouble enough it is

[1] One of the younger workers at the Headquarters in London.

better not to make it any worse by referring to it. The only strength it has is when we take notice. I write this so as to prevent you if possible carrying out the idea in your letter any other way. You are quite right, but it is better policy for all of us who are in earnest and united to keep still in every matter that has any personal bearing. ¶ Such is my excuse for writing.

Sincerely as ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

As the weeks passed, and as doubts of Judge and even of H. P. B. began to be expressed openly, though as yet sadly, at the London Headquarters, I finally boiled over, or, rather, my intensity of feeling for Judge, brought to a head by the veiled forebodings or open criticism which I heard around me, aroused greater inner effort, and broke through some of the barriers between myself and my own soul,—with two outer results. First, under the nom-de-plume of "Che-Yew-Tsăng", I wrote an article entitled "Some Modern Failings" which was sent to *Lucifer* and which was published immediately. This had repercussions to which Judge refers in later letters. Second, and far more important, with these barriers removed, I lost much of my reserve (and, from a *worldly* standpoint, whatever sense I may have had), and figuratively hurled myself at Judge's head, asking to be allowed to work with and for him on any terms or conditions. If I could have gone to America—or to Timbuctoo—to work for him, I would cheerfully have camped out in the street. The place where I was—the home of most kind and generous parents, with all the freedom I could want to work for Theosophy in England—seemed like exile: where Judge was, was "home".

In reply to a letter which attempted to express something of that spirit, and which obviously, from the nature of the answer, must have been sufficiently specific, Judge wrote:

October 7th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

I have your good letter and my dear boy you may be as full and free and frank with me as you like. It is good for the soul and good for us both.

Well now, just at this minute I do not know exactly what to say. I like you and would like to have you work here, but cannot see the ground clear as yet. Why not take up an easy and fluidic position in the matter. An occultist is never fixed on any mortal particular plan. So do not fix your mind as yet on a plan. Wait. All things come to him who waits in the right way. Make yourself in every way as good an instrument for any sort of work as you can. Every little thing I ever learned I have now found out to be of use to me in this work of ours. When the hour strikes it will then find you ready; no man knows when the hour will strike. But he has to be ready. You see Jesus was in fact an occultist, and in the parable of the foolish virgins gave a real occult ordinance.

It is a good one to follow. Nothing is gained, but a good deal lost by impatience. Not only is strength, but also sight and intuition.

Certainly if you ever could in justice to all your affairs and to the T. S. come to America, then I should be glad to see you, but am not yet able to say come now. If you adopt the attitude I mentioned above, the time if it is ever to come will show itself to you and to me. But all the time you can be preparing for doing good work in any and all directions. You should become familiar with the T. S. history, genius and record. Labor-saving accomplishments are good to have. Ease of manner and speech are of the best to have. Ease of mind and confidence are better than all in this work of dealing with other men, that is with the human heart. The more wise one is the better he can help his fellows, and the more cosmopolitan he is the better too. Now is all this clear. In fine, I should welcome you. But you should know facts. At present I could not sustain you physically from lack of funds. But if at any time the Lord let you come, not as a burden that way, then of course it is all right. But decide nothing hastily. Wait, make no set plan, wait the hour to make the decision then, for if you decide in advance of the time you tend to raise a confusion.

All the work you now do for the administrative part of the work in Europe is good for the future. We shall always want those who know that sort so as to save and guide this old bark of T. S. So have patience, courage, hope, faith and cheerfulness.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Try to get the *inner* sense of Bhagavad Gita up to 4th Chapter. Put it in practice if you can every moment, and it will give great results that you really seek. J.

If you want to kill desire or the like, take your *mind* off it and you will succeed.

The next letter is remarkable because Judge, when he wrote it, knew perfectly well that Mrs. Besant, under the influence of Professor Chakravarti, had already in heart and purpose turned against him, as she had turned from her trust in H. P. B. It was because she had not as yet openly committed herself, and might still, at the eleventh hour, turn back to the path of loyalty; it was because he wanted to give her every opportunity to do this, and had, furthermore, trained himself to do all things from moment to moment, on a basis solely of what was right and generous and true,—that he demanded, of those who trusted him, "loyalty in heart and fact and thought to A. B. in her absence." It was a supreme achievement of his own loyalty and magnanimity.

Mrs. Besant left London for India in October, 1893, arriving at Colombo, where Colonel Olcott met her, on November 9th. They reached Adyar on

December 20th. Professor Chakravarti had left for India a week before Mrs. Besant. She met him at Allahabad early in 1894. It was while there, with him, that she wrote to Colonel Olcott (February 6th) asking that charges be formulated officially against Judge.

October 19th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

Now that Annie is going, London should take thought.

(a) Loyalty in heart and fact and thought to A. B. in her absence. Criticism should be abandoned. It is no good. Co-operation is better than criticism. The duty of another is dangerous for one whose duty it is not. The insidious coming of unbrotherly criticism should be warned against, prevented, stopped. By example you can do much, as also by work in due season.

(b) Calmness is now a thing to be had, to be preserved. No irritation should be let dwell inside. It is a deadly foe. Sit on all the small occasions that evoke it and the greater ones will never rise to trouble you.

(c) Solidarity.

(d) Acceptation of others.

(e) Moderation in respect to H. P. B.; not to drag her name too often to the front and thus provoke an attack. Time to repel attack is when it is made. A danger lies here as if not watched we might have an anti H. P. B. sect.

Good luck, adieu.

William Q. Judge.

Judge was full of quips. It was characteristic of him to bestow ever-varying *sobriquets* on his friends. The "(Jennings)", with which the next letter begins, is explained by some connection he had once jocularly drawn between myself and Hargrave-Jennings, author of the well-known book on the Rosicrucians.

The "Chinaman", of the second sentence, was Judge's way of referring to "Che-Yew-Tsăng", the nom-de-plume to which reference has already been made. George R. S. Mead was the Assistant Editor of *Lucifer* at that time. For a sufficient explanation of this incident, see *The Path*, vol. IX, 1894–95, pp. 401, 434.

November 7th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove (Jennings),

Am glad to get your letters and know that you are all right. The style of the Chinaman, George tells me, reminds him of K. H. This is a compliment. It will show you how important it is never to let the thing out as it has gone so far as that. It is quite possible that some of K. H. inspiration came at the time, for such things do happen. Some persons are able to get good inspiration from various causes and there is no reason why you should not be the one in this case. At any rate the thing has done good.

As to the other matter, I understood well enough, and there will be no need to explain these things to me. If you remain on your present basis I will understand all the time. Foolish notions come to all of us, but foolish devotions apparently lead often to good things. By experience you will be able finally to see the truth more clearly.

Your idea to finish up the law is a good one, for in this age we all have to have some ostensible means of support, and at the same time legal study well done does one good and gives the mind a good bent. I never found my 20 years of law did me anything but good.

Now could I get you as a regular sender of news to *Path?* I do not mean long windy letters, but cold facts, hence one month but little and another more. Examine the *Path* and see how we do up the American notes in Mirror and follow that model, and if there is nothing to say, leave it unsaid. If you conclude to do this, send the matter off each month so as to get here by the 15th at latest. It should not be in form of a letter, but paragraphs of facts, and it should not go into reviews of literature nor newspapers. I will reserve right to cut out what is not wanted.

Sincerely as ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

I had written to Judge about a letter shown to me by Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, in which she had expressed some innocuous criticism of another member. It seems likely, from the nature of Judge's reply, that before writing to him I had spoken of the matter to others, with the youthful and most foolish idea of creating a better understanding, and of being "helpful". In any case, his reply taught me, and may teach others, a valuable lesson.

November 25th, 1893.

Dear Hargrove *né* Jennings,

I got your letter.—Now my dear fellow do read that part of the New Testament where it tells about the little member the tongue and what it can do. For the love of heaven do not take any tales or information from any person to any other. The man who brought news to the king was sometimes killed. The surest way to make trouble out of nothing is to tell about it from one to another. Construe the words of the Gita about one's own duty to mean that you have nothing to do in the smallest particular with other people's fancies, tales, facts, or other matters as you will have enough to do to look out for your own duty. All that you wrote me I knew long ago and also forecasted it without using any other faculty than my knowledge of human nature, and I can now assure you that I see nothing in it unless people will insist on making things out of what is small. I will not meddle in this. There is nothing in it at all to be touched. We must be simply calm.

And while it was not wrong to see C. O.'s letter to me, yet having seen it, I would have at once forgotten it. Too much, too much, trying to force harmony.

Harmony comes from a balancing of diversities, and discord from any effort to make harmony by force.

Some psalmist or other gospel sharp said that "all men are liars", in which I agree. We all are makers of lies from the fact that we never are able either to show our correct selves to others, or to gain from their words a correct estimate of them or what they are trying to say. This leads to trouble, and hence the other gospelite said our communications should be Yea, Yea and Nay, Nay, for more than these cometh of evil. These are not intentional lies of ours, but they often have as much ill effect as the real article.

I think it was well for you to go and mix with "the democrats", as we should not even have the appearance of exclusion. Democrats are queer too, and given to enlarged fancy very often. But the mass of the world is made up of these. And at heart they are good and perceive the truth; hence the saying, "vox populi vox dei".

I sent no telegram to use discretion in general, but sent to George one about a particular article that, as to its publication he could use his discretion. Now in this instance you see that was an affair wholly between him and me, and anyone seeing it could gain no right idea unless they knew all about it. In all such things I never meddle, but say to myself it is none of my affair at all, and I wait till it comes to me and thank God if it never arrives. And that is a good rule for you. Well, this is all I can say. Finis. There's nothing in it. Bombinans in vacuo.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q.

Have just got your letter in which you say you have made up your mind just about as above written, to attend very strictly to your own duty, and am glad. We all differ and must agree to disagree, for it is only by balancing contrary things that equilibrium (harmony) is obtained. Harmony does not come through likeness. And as Mrs. K[eightley] is very different from the rest, and also more exposed in consequence of working so much with me, it is easier to hurt her. If people will only let each other alone and go about their own business quietly, all will be well. It is difficult to prevent yourself from being mixed up, but it is one's duty to try and find one's duty, and not to get into the duty of another, and in this it is of the highest importance that we should detach our *minds* (as well as tongues) from the duties and acts of others whenever those are outside our own. If you can find this fine line of action and inaction, you will have made great progress.

WILLIAM Q. J.

December 2nd, 1893.

Dear Hargrove,

I have your interesting letter, interesting as it offers us the probability of a visit from you in April. We should be delighted to have you, and have you read an address from Europe and speak for yourself.

The matter of the Convention is now on once more, as we must prepare, and a point arises as to the place. It is not always in the same place. Has been generally in Chicago as that is central, but last year there was a cry from California and we are in some doubt if we did not agree to it then for this year, as a condition for New York last year. If we decide on California, would that make any difference to you? It is 5 days from here; expense we can consider after. That makes 10 days all told extra from here. Could you do it, leaving the matter of cost out of the question? Let me know of this, or rather find out, if you can, how you will stand on the matter of coming, for I presume if you got off to go to the U. S. for the purpose, the little additional matter of California would not be much in the way, except on the point of money. So look at it in the first place irrespective of the costs. There would be no charge for hotels, as here you stop with me, and elsewhere would go to other members. Perhaps also I can do something in the line of the cost, for last time Mead was here I paid some of his shot to the west.

I would like to have something definite from you, for time flies and we are now near the new year. I hope you will be able to come. If even you did not go out there, you might stop and work here while I was away, for we have things in such a way that I can find work for you. I can't find work for all as they do not pan out well, but for such as thee I can.

All the rest you say is good. Am glad all looks well. It would always look well if each and all minded their own things and kept the mind free from all else. At any rate if you do not come over here I will see you again in London in the summer.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. J.

As a guru or "adjuster"—what some people would call a spiritual director—Judge was marvellous. He had a way of changing conditions by creating atmospheres, and often without any direct reference to the condition he wanted to affect. The following letter illustrates this. As explained previously, I had written an article the authorship of which was not known to the people around me. I heard it attributed to various Adepts and chêlas, and wrote to Judge for further light. Even then I realized that his letter was a kindly way of saying, "Do not be an ass". It helped me, thereafter, to judge things on their merits, regardless of their real or supposed origin.

December 13th, 1893.

My Dear Hargrove,

I think all you say of work and devotion is good, and you will agree with me that if we all the time looked after our own particular duty it would save trouble. Yes, I like the Chinaman's article very much and hope to see more. Where did he fall from? But now, to ask me if I know all about him is,—well it's absurd my boy, as I do not know the universe and bother less. I like an article

and then I don't care a welsh rabbit who wrote it, for I have long known that even the most unworthy may be inspired to write now and then, and the desire to find out who is who is no use. But I do know one thing and that is that Jasper Niemand is not the Chinaman nor is X nor W. Q. J. nor is W. Q. J., Jasper. This I do know, that is I know it inside, for of course on the legal plane of strict evidence I know nothing of the Chinese or of his blessed article. It makes me laugh all this about authors. Why once I wrote a thing under a cock and bull name and had a man bring it to me and say how fine, and that's what I should think, when I had said the same thing to him myself. Well I simply chuckled inside.

All here well except me, as my liver is a perennial source of variety and amusement, le liver s'amuse; avez vous le livre de mon chef?

Clairvoyant doctor says my liver is swelled inside. If it bursts good by, and you may have my old derby hat number seven. It might go on over your plug. More power to you.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

I had written to Judge that the Chinese nom-de-plume was being taken too seriously and too authoritatively, and that I had decided not to use it again. From the fact that he wrote me immediately after his letter of the 13th, it may be that he did not wish the effect of that letter to last too long.

The "London letter" was my attempt to comply with his request for monthly notes of Theosophical news to be published in *The Path*.

He wrote:

December 15th, 1893.

Dear Rosicrucian,

Glad to hear. London letter O. K. When printed you can see what I cut—not much.

Good that China is to go. Such is the U. S. law. It is dangerous, for if discovered—and you would be—the slump would be very bad.

George is so struck by Chew that if he found it out, it would hurt him, and it won't do in merry England.

Good luck to thee. If you feel like a Chew article for *Path* now and then under another n. d. p., I'll use it if you like.

I'm in great haste.

As ever,

WILLIAM ♃.[2]

(*To be continued*)

[2] When writing informally and intimately, as in this letter and that of November 25th, Judge often used the sign of Jupiter to represent the Q. and J. of his initials.

THE SACRED SCIENCE

If one could understand a flower as it has its being in God—this would be a higher thing than the whole world.

MEISTER ECKHART.

PROCLUS, the head of the Neo-Platonic School at Athens during the Fifth Century, A. D., was the last great Pagan philosopher. Unlike his older contemporary, Synesius of Cyrene,[1] he consistently refused to come to terms with the Church. He seems to have believed that it was still possible to reconstitute the Mysteries in their ancient form, and so to light once more the flame of wisdom which had been the vital principle of the old Mediterranean civilization. His ideal was not unlike that of Iamblichus two centuries before, though he had even less chance of outward success. The Church, which called itself Christian, had become a powerful political "machine", controlling the policies of the Imperial Government. Moreover, it was the only visible centre of stability in the Empire and provided a measure of protection from the disorders incident to the barbarian invasions. In the gathering moral and intellectual darkness, the desire for peace—for peace, at any price—was potent and contagious, and the Church offered security, in this life and the next. It is not strange that men were merely exasperated by a mystic who invited them to forsake the idea of safety, and to join him in a spiritual adventure of doubtful issue.

Proclus endured exile and persecution, and lived to see the consecrated statue of Athena removed from the Parthenon,—an event of symbolic import, for less than fifty years after his death in 485, the School over which he had presided was closed by order of the Emperor Justinian, and its surviving members were banished from the Empire. Synesius, who sought to preserve the ancient wisdom by incorporating it in the Church, appears to have acted with a more practical judgment and with a keener sense of realities.

However, many of the philosophical writings of Proclus were saved from the wreckage, and those who will take the trouble really to study them, are certain of their reward. He was surnamed *Diadochus* by his followers, who affirmed that he was a veritable "successor" of Plato. Modern scholars naturally ridicule or are indifferent to such a claim, but the student of Theosophy who is under no obligation to adopt their point of view, may conclude that the enthusiasm of Proclus' disciples was not unjustified. He perfected a method of interpreting Plato's *Dialogues* as documents of the Mystery Tradition. Like Plotinus and Porphyry, he believed that Plato was not to be regarded as an inventor of metaphysical subtleties, but that he was, in fact, the patron of those who seek the crown of mystical experience by the way of philosophical meditation.

[1] Cf. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1930, pp. 347–355, art. "Osiris and Typhon".

The paragraph quoted below is from the *De Sacrificio* of Proclus.[2] The *De Sacrificio* is probably the surviving fragment of a Commentary on the *First Alcibiades* of Plato. However, in spite of its incompleteness, it may be selected as typical of the general thought of Proclus. The passage here cited is of special interest because of its references to the "sacred science" which may be identified with the *aporrēta* or secret doctrine of the Egyptian and Greek Mysteries. With the help of Proclus, the student may form some conception of the guiding principle, the objective and the method of that sacred science, in so far as these can be given a verbal expression. The present commentary represents the effort of a student to form such a conception. It has, of course, no authority and, indeed, its primary purpose is to call the attention of others to a forgotten gem of Neo-Platonic literature which provides many subjects for meditation.

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"As lovers gradually advance from the contemplation of sensuous beauty to the contemplation of the beauty which is divine, so the ancient priests recognized a certain alliance and sympathy of natural things with one another, and of manifested things with occult powers, discovering that all things subsist in all; and on the basis of these sympathies they constructed a sacred science. Thus they discovered things supreme in such as are subordinate, and the subordinate in the supreme: in the heavenly domain, earthly properties existing in a causal and celestial manner, and on earth, heavenly properties existing according to a terrestrial condition. For how shall we account for those plants called *heliotropes*, that is, attendants on the Sun, moving in correspondence with the revolution of the solar orb; or how shall we account for *selenitropes*, that is, attendants on the Moon, turning in exact conformity with her motion? It is because all things offer up prayers and hymns to the leaders of their respective Orders (each thing according to its nature, spiritual or mental, psychical or physical). Hence, the sunflower, so far as it is able, moves in a circular dance towards the Sun; so that if anyone could note the vibration made by its circuit in the air, he would hear a chant, composed by this sound, in honour of its King, such as a plant is capable of uttering. Hence, too, we may behold the Sun and the Moon in the Earth, but according to a terrestrial quality; and in the region of Heaven we may behold all plants and stones and animals possessing a spiritual life according to a celestial nature. Now, the ancients having observed these things, blended the heavenly with the earthly in such a way that through a certain similitude or correspondence [between the higher and the lower], they brought down divine virtues into this inferior abode. For, indeed, similitude of nature is a sufficient cause for binding things together in union and consent."

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[2] The Greek text of the *De Sacrificio* is apparently lost. There is a Latin translation by the Florentine humanist, Marsilio Ficino (Aldus Press, Venice, 1516), and an English translation from the Latin by Thomas Taylor, whose version is here followed, with some necessary paraphrases. It is given in an appendix to his translation of the *De Mysteriis* of Iamblichus (pp. 343–344).

The guiding principle of the sacred science, as here outlined, is the doctrine of correspondences, to which so many references occur in theosophical literature and in mystical works of all ages and races. Madame Blavatsky lays constant stress on "The Occult Doctrine with regard to *correspondences of types and antetypes* in nature, and to perfect analogy as a fundamental law in Occultism" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893; I, 640). Perfect analogy is the guiding principle of research in the sacred science, because the devotees of that science have assumed as their first axiom that there is one basic plan in Nature which is used in the formation of galaxies and of atomic systems, and in the evolution of all states of consciousness, from the elemental to the divine. "As above, so below."

In the sacred science, the doctrine of correspondences is the Ariadne's thread leading the seeker to the divine truth. That truth itself—the goal and objective of the mystic—may be described as the discernment of essences, the "gnosis of the things which are" that was indicated by Pythagoras as the summit of all knowledge. The study of correspondences culminates in the direct perception of essences, because the essence of a thing, as the "ancient priests" taught, is determined by the nature of the order or spiritual family to which the thing belongs.

According to Plato's definition, the essence of a thing is first manifested as an Idea in a Divine Mind. Mediæval schoolmen and modern scholars have tortured themselves, and others, in the attempt to discover what Plato meant. If they have failed, it is because they have looked everywhere for Divine Ideas except in the one place to which Plato pointed, and where one might expect to find them, namely, within a Divine Consciousness.

The Platonists did not represent the Divine Ideas or Essences as passive "forms" in some immobile cosmic intellect. On the contrary, they identified the Ideas with the Good, and the Good is the potentiality, the purpose which the Logos or Demiurge seeks to realize through its successive emanations. This purpose is, in a sense, conveyed by the Logos to each of its creatures as the dynamic centre of the creature's being. Therefore, the essence of the creature is indistinguishable from the essence of the Logos. There are many kingdoms in Nature and countless phases of evolution, but the differences between creatures are caused, as Plotinus suggests, by the varying degrees in their awareness of the purpose of the Logos which is also the purpose of their own being.

The ancient priests "discerned things supreme in such as are subordinate, and the subordinate in the supreme." When they sought to determine the essence of an entity, they followed the clues to its correspondences, to its "antetypes in nature." As has been said, this emphasis upon the doctrine of correspondences was deemed essential, because the essence of a thing—of a flower, for example—was regarded as one with the purpose of its existence, and because this purpose is an Idea within the consciousness of the divine hierarchy or host from which the being of the plant emanates.

It follows that the purpose or essence of the flower cannot be discovered while we persist in the delusion that the flower is an isolated or separate thing, for the

Idea which it is in process of manifesting is an undivided part of the thought of the divine Order of which the flower is a humble member. We discern the meaning of the flower in the degree that we can penetrate to those planes where it "possesses a spiritual life according to a celestial nature." In other words, we must aspire to contemplate it as a *flower of thought* in the mind of the causal and celestial "King" whose earthly subject the visible flower is.

Proclus illustrates this general principle by the examples of the heliotrope, which belongs to the Order of the Sun, and of the selenitrope, whose Regent is the Moon. The Sun and the Moon may incidentally be taken here as representative of the *foci* within the "white light" of the Logos, which are the agencies whereby the One Self of the Logos becomes manifest as an assemblage of differentiated Orders. Thus the ancients honoured the "seven sacred planets" as the sources of the seven principles of Nature and man, and as the points of union between the world of creatures and the Logos, between *natura naturata* and *natura naturans*. We find Proclus saying, in another section of the *De Sacrificio:* "Those beings [or Monads] which are gathered into union above the order of [manifested] things, are differentiated in their descent [into matter], various 'souls' being distributed under various ruling divinities."

Even the modern botanist would admit that light and heat come to the heliotrope from the Sun, and that the chlorophyll in the plant's leaves needs the energy of sunlight to transform water and carbon dioxide into the carbohydrates which are of prime importance in organic chemistry. But Proclus' meaning is evidently different, for he is not referring to the physical effects of sunlight, but to an actual connection *in consciousness* between a particular plant, the heliotrope, and the Sun.

It becomes apparent that the Sun to which he refers is not the Sun of modern astronomy, but the Sun of arcane astrology. The distinction between these two "Suns" has been frequently stressed in theosophical literature. We read in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 590): "The Sun is the heart of the Solar World [System] and its brain is hidden behind the [visible] Sun. Thence, sensation is radiated into every nerve-centre of the great body, and the waves of the life-essence flow into each artery and vein. . . . The planets are its limbs and pulses."

The Sun of arcane astrology is, therefore, the general source and sustainer of the life-principle within the limits of its system, and the shining orb of day, which we call the Sun, is conceived as an outer image of an inner entity, defined by a sphere of consciousness and not by physical boundaries. As living beings, we may all be said to participate in the solar vitality and to exist within the real "body" of the Sun. But the astrological Sun is not only the unified *Prana* or life of its system; it is also an "individual" grouped with other "individuals." In this relationship, Madame Blavatsky calls it the "elder brother" of the planets and, as such, it is the Regent of a Hierarchy having its representatives here on earth (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 127–128; II, 168).

According to Proclus, the heliotrope is classified as an earth-born child of the Sun, because its inner principles are one with the inner principles of the Sun. To the vision of the modern scientist, the Sun and the heliotrope appear

to be two distinct entities, one very large and the other very small, millions of miles apart; but the ancients saw them as manifestations of a common life, the essence of the heliotrope being within the being of the Sun and inseparable from it—as a thought, though it is in one aspect an independent and individual thing, cannot be set apart from the mind in which it is engendered.

The modern reader, who has survived to this paragraph, has the right to ask how the affirmations of mystics concerning correspondences and essences can be proved. A reply is indicated by the occult aphorism: "Man, know thyself, and thou wilt know God." It must be added, however, that the verb "know" does not here have the same connotations which it has for modern science. As Iamblichus has said: "Superior to the lower form of knowing, which is as of one individual having knowledge of another, there is an intimate union in which the knower is indistinguishable from the known." The mystic knows God, the Universal Self, in so far as he knows the ray of the Universal Self in his own "heart"; and his knowledge of the divine ray is equivalent to self-identification with it. By recognizing the real union of his individual consciousness with the consciousness of the Logos, he becomes responsive to the signs of unity everywhere in nature, discerning the "sympathy of natural things with one another, and of manifested things with occult powers." It might be said that it is his own awakened faculty of sympathy which enables him to recognize the sympathetic structure of the Cosmos; or that, in so far as he unifies the principles of his own nature, his mind becomes a mirror of universal Nature.

It may be surmised that the attainment of this knowledge is not easy, since it must be based upon self-transformation. Self-transformation implies, by definition, the conversion of all the qualities of the human being, including the intellectual and perceptive faculties, and also the powers of desire and will. It follows that the Sacred Science is tested by an experimental method far more exacting than the experimental method of modern science. The modern scientist experiments upon external things, and under normal conditions, however painful this may be for the things, he himself seldom suffers any personal discomfort. But the devotee of the Sacred Science experiments upon himself, and, at least in the initial stages, this particular mode of experimentation is not always pleasant and may even seem unbearable, from the personal point of view. It is not remarkable that the modern curriculum of knowledge has no place for a real science of consciousness. Doubtless, the vast majority of contemporary scientists are good and honourable men, but how many of them would be willing to work self-consciously for the purification of all their desires and thoughts with the same zeal which they exhibit in the laboratory? Nevertheless, on no other conceivable foundation can a real science of consciousness, a real psychology, be built.

In the first sentence of the *De Sacrificio* there is a significant juxtaposition of two clauses. "As lovers gradually advance . . . to the contemplation of the beauty which is divine, so the ancient priests . . . constructed a sacred science." Thus Proclus associates progress in the understanding of essences with progress in meditation, for the love of the beautiful is a meditation. The lover medi-

tating, going forth in consciousness towards the beloved, attains mystical knowledge. If he persist until there be complete sacrifice of self, he will know the beloved as he knows himself.

There are these lines of the Sufi poet Jámí:

"All that is not One must ever
Suffer with the Wound of Absence;
And whoever in Love's City
Enters, finds but Room for One."

Again, we read in the *Theosophical Glossary, s. v. Kamadeva:* "Says the *Rig Veda*, 'Desire first arose in IT, which was the primal germ of mind, and which sages, searching with their intellect, have discovered in their heart to be the bond which connects Entity with non-Entity,' or Manas with pure Atma-Buddhi."

According to the testimony of all the sages, this bond is made substantial by meditation. However, meditation does not mean what sentimentalists and false mystics so often pretend that it means. It is not the condition of thinking sweet and high thoughts with no corresponding effort to purify our desires and volitions and acts. If the ultimate purpose of meditation be the transmutation of the love of physical beauty into the love of divine beauty, a motive power is needed which vague or abstract thought alone can never provide. The most cursory self-examination reveals that the power which conditions the mode of our self-identification, radiates from mind-images which are impregnated with personal desire.

This suggests the reason why self-purification is so continuously stressed, in all devotional works, as the initial stage of the mystic way. Self-purification releases and converts the force which now animates the lower nature, but which, in its transmuted state, can be used by the aspirant to animate a higher nature. Therefore, self-purification may be defined as the first experiment which the student of the Sacred Science must perform. The mysteries of practical occultism are incomprehensible, until definite progress has been made towards the completion of that first experiment.

One begins to understand, though dimly, why purification is necessary before one can perceive the "true form" of the heliotrope. The essence of the flower is to be sought in the causal and celestial world, nor can one hear elsewhere "the sacred chant, . . . in honour of its King, such as a plant is capable of uttering." The faculty of beholding "all plants and animals and stones [as] possessing a spiritual life according to a celestial nature," is a function of the purified love of the mystic which is the bond connecting his personal nature with his Higher Causal Self, and which is manifested, through his life also, as a chant, in honour of his King, such as he is capable of uttering.

In the *Dnyaneshvari*, quoted in *The Dream of Ravan* (pp. 189, *seq.*), it is said of "the illumined Yogi," that "he beholds the things beyond the sea, he hears the language of paradise, he perceives what is passing in the mind of the ant."

His sympathy and his vision pervade the whole domain of Nature, so that he communes with the non-human kingdoms as well as with the human, and not only with the divine Intelligences above man but also with the multitudinous "lives" which are evolving within mineral or vegetable or animal forms. Such perspectives cannot seem preposterous to a student of Theosophy who is a member of a Society, the first object of which is "to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood." Must one conclude that this brotherhood is limited to the human kingdom?

Incidentally, one suspects that the so-called lower kingdoms are "lower" only in the sense that the Monads or rays of the Logos pass through them before they become the higher principles of man. In the light of eternity, the terms "higher" and "lower," as usually applied to the relationship between the various "lines of evolution," have scarcely any meaning. They are all phases of manifestation of the One Self. Indeed, it has been suggested that the consciousness of minerals and plants, though devoid of reason and emotion—as we know these—nevertheless approximates more nearly than our own to the consciousness of pure being. Evolution is said to proceed spirally, according to cyclic law, the descent of the Monad from pure being or spirit into illusion or matter being followed by its ascent and return from matter to spirit. The Monad, after its pilgrimage, is the same as before, *plus* the Self-consciousness which is the fruit of its experience. One may suppose that the lower kingdoms are placed above unregenerate man, along the *descending arc* of the great spiral of our globe's development. Madame Blavatsky has illustrated this conception in a diagram representing the succession of the seven root-races (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 314).

One does not wish to prolong speculation upon matters so far beyond one's ken. The point is that meditation upon the consciousness of plants and rocks need not be speculative only. It may be difficult for the Western mind, but it is a normal devotional exercise in many parts of the Orient. For example, the artists of China and Persia frequently chose, as the subject of a painting or miniature, the meditation of a sage who is the central figure, the nucleus—as it were—of a landscape, the inner being of which seems to be the object of his contemplation and a source of spiritual invigoration.

Perhaps one may make a beginning by considering certain quite obvious analogies between the life of the flower and the life of the aspirant. In the first place, it may be assumed that the heliotrope's union with the Sun actually symbolizes a state of spiritual consciousness within the compass of human experience. The heliotrope turns towards the Sun, as the regenerate man turns towards his Master.

Human regeneration has been described as the return of consciousness from matter to spirit. In the symbolical arithmetic of the Pythagoreans, spirit was denoted by the number one, and matter by the number two. This suggests that matter signified for them, duality or division. Wherever there is duality, there is conflict. Thus, in physical Nature there is an incessant, external struggle for existence. In the human kingdom, duality becomes an attribute of

personal consciousness. The worst enemies of the unregenerate man are the elementals of his own manufacture. His life is the field of an internal struggle for existence between his Higher Ego and his material personality.

In the lower kingdoms there is no definite evidence of internal or psychic conflict. The material nature of a stone or plant or wild animal appears to "obey" consistently, and without resistance, the commands of its higher or essential nature, the Monad which is one with the Logos of its hierarchy or species. The seer meditating upon the inner unity of a flower, aligns his consciousness with a form of being which is—so to speak—analogous to the ideal form of the spiritual man, the object of his aspiration.

"Now, the ancients", says Proclus, "having observed these things [i. e., the correspondences of types and antetypes in Nature], blended the heavenly with the earthly in such a way that through a certain similitude . . . they brought down divine virtues into this inferior abode." "This inferior abode" is, doubtless, the physical globe, but in a more immediate sense, it seems to be a designation of the unregenerate nature of the elemental man.

The aspirant, inspired by the beauty of the Logos reflected in Nature, seeks steadfastly to mould his own nature after the model of the inward unity which is the principle of all beauty. It is Proclus' argument that in so far as this effort is successful, a certain divine virtue will pervade human consciousness. By the law of correspondences, the whole being of the mystic would then be exalted towards his heavenly Father and King, as the heliotrope lifts its flowers and leaves towards the Sun. The analogy between man and the plant becomes an actuality, and not merely a reflection of an ideal truth in a poet's mind.

The analogy becomes still more impressive, if we recall that the Lord of the heliotrope is said to be the Sun, for the Sun is an immemorial symbol of the Master who endows the disciple with spiritual self-consciousness. "The Agnishvatta, the Kumâras (the Seven Mystic Sages) are Solar Deities . . .; and these are the Fashioners of the *Inner* Man" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 114). It may be said of the disciple, as of the flower, that the purpose of his existence is apparent, in the degree that there is knowledge of the Father, within whose consciousness is born the Idea which is progressively manifested in the life of the disciple.

At the conclusion of his treatise, Proclus writes: "At last, when physical substances and their operations have been laid aside, the ancient priests were received into the communion and fellowship of the Gods." That is to say, they became aware of the intrinsic immortality of their real selves. In the terminology of Plotinus, they attained knowledge of their identity with the One Self which is in no way to be distinguished from the Eternal. "There will seem to be as many centres as there are rays which come to shine in the one centre; but all these centres will in reality form only one centre" (*Enneads*, 6. 5. 5).

In the light of this doctrine of immortality by conscious union with the One Self, it is interesting to consider a common argument of skeptics against the possibility of any persistence of individual consciousness after physical death.

They stress the immensity of the Universe in contrast to our own personal and bodily insignificance. How can we imagine that there is any provision for our continuity, when the existence even of super-galaxies is limited, though it attain to millions of millions of years?

Surely the answer is to be sought through the Sacred Science, the science of consciousness. All forms in Nature, all bodies and personalities pass away, for what are these but expressions and instruments of an evolutionary process which is always moving, as Bergson has suggested, into new zones of experience? That part of our consciousness which is identified with any particular form, must be dissipated when the form perishes. But if the doctrine of correspondences be, indeed, the basic plan of Nature, every being is inseparably linked through its hierarchy with one of the radiant centres which "in reality form only one centre" within the Eternal. In accord with this view of the Universe, the individual man is said to attain personal immortality in proportion as he gains mystical knowledge of his identity with the Being who stands at the head of his ray.

Immortality is neither proved nor disproved by the fact that the Cosmos is so much larger and more durable than the human body. After all, a man's sense of identity is just as real to him when he is under the open sky as when he is confined within the four walls of a cell. Why should "resurrection from the dead" be deemed impossible in a Universe which has already achieved the "impossible" by bringing us into existence upon this planet?

A great mystic has affirmed that souls are separated from the Divine Self not by distance, but by the self-induced limitations of their consciousness. Completing this thought, the Indian Master, Shankara Acharya, has said in the *Tattva Bodha:*

"When wearing the disguise of Unwisdom, the Self is called the Life.

"When wearing the disguise of Glamour, the Self is called the Lord.

"Thus, through the difference of their disguises, there is an appearance of difference between the Life and the Lord. And as long as this appearance of difference continues, so long will the revolving world of birth and death continue. For this reason the idea of the difference between the Life and the Lord is not to be admitted.

"But how can the idea of unity between the self-assertive, little-knowing Life, and the selfless, all-knowing Lord, be accepted, according to the famous words, *that thou art,* since the genius of these two, the Life and the Lord, is so opposite?

"This is not really so; for 'Life attributing itself to the physical and emotional vestures' is only the verbal meaning of *thou;* while the real meaning of *thou* is 'pure Consciousness, bare of all disguises, in dreamless life.'

"And so, 'the Lord full of omniscience and power' is but the verbal meaning of *that;* while the real meaning of *that* is 'pure Consciousness stripped of disguises.'

"Thus there is no contradiction in the unity of the Life and the Lord, since both are pure Consciousness."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

A WALK IN NEW YORK

Nothing so resembles a hollow as a swelling.—SAINTE-BEUVE.

I HAD to walk up Fifth Avenue on an errand. No one walks for pleasure in New York.

As I went, I tried to analyze my impressions. Why was it so utterly unpleasant?

In the first place, you have to "Step lively and Watch your Step." Every few yards you come to a crossing. You stand, as with the Israelites on the edge of the Red Sea. You stand with two dozen or so others, whose only idea is to get across first. If you are on the curb, they either knock you off or push you back. Then the signal changes, and cars begin to whizz around the corner where you must cross. You leap, turning your head as fast as possible, and if there be anything in the biological theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, surely future New Yorkers will acquire necks like owls. Suppose you reach the farther side alive, and start to stroll on: a horde of tense-faced mortals beats about you. Those behind tread on your heels; those in front tread on your toes and knock your ribs. I often come home feeling bruised all over.

The idea that to rub against a total stranger might be unpleasant, never occurs to the average denizen of this city. "Stranger? Is some one here? I do not see him. Even when I bump into him, I do not see him except as an obstruction."

Once I saw a young woman walking down the Avenue looking at her face in a mirror. It seemed to me an apt symbol.

In one of his books on Mexico, D. H. Lawrence speaks of the Indians never jostling or touching one another. He thinks it is because they are sure to kill one another if they come too close! It *may* be due to good manners.

"What, without asking, hither hurried *whence!*
"And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!"

Why do they all hurry so?

Think of that French word "flâner". The dictionary translates, "To lounge, to saunter, to stroll, to 'loaf'."

Would you care to lounge, to saunter, to stroll, to "loaf" up Fifth Avenue?

Ah, but we can think of such places. Places where the desire, even, is to do nothing else!

Along the *quais* of Paris, with the Louvre like a range of blue hills across the river, and the blue dome of the Institut ahead. (For the colour of Paris is blue, pale blue, *bleu horizon.*) Farther on there is the Island with Henri Quatre on his horse, the gloomy prison of the Conciergerie, with the Ste. Chapelle, and the Parvis-Notre-Dame with Charlemagne on *his* horse, and the great

Cathedral itself. What thoughts these evoke, what rich associations, what a wealth of memories! You have to move slowly to soak it all in.

Or one can loiter in Venice, losing oneself in its meanders, passing between old gold and peach coloured palaces, over pale jade canals on arched marble bridges, where the only sound is the lapping of the water or the hoarse muffled cry of the gondolier as he nears a turning. But Venice is the last remaining timeless splendour of the Western World.

Or one can wander in gardens. There are the gardens of the Alcazar at Seville, with magnolias, scarlet hibiscus, showers of jasmine and dark sad cypresses and fountains; or the gardens of Rome with marble gods among the laurels, and beds of violets, and water dripping in a moss-stained marble sarcophagus; or the Luxembourg gardens, where, in Spring, the horse chestnuts drop their flowers like snow.

In other cities one is aware of the seasons. "Blossom by blossom, the Spring begins."

New York has no seasons because it has no gardens—no real gardens, for could one call that devastated and tragic waste of Central Park a garden? It is the torture chamber of a few wretched, captured plants. No seasons, but hot and cold, and hats. You can compute the season by dead reckoning from the hats. And think not that I mean to despise hats. In lieu of a flower bed, a hat is a great consolation to a mere female.

It is one of the truly hellish qualities of New York, that it is as far outside nature as it can get. No earth, never a place to put the feet but on concrete. No sky save a bit between towers. The country that fringes it is dying of its poisons. Go for a walk in the suburbs and see the tin cans, broken crockery and skeletons of defunct Fords. Man has lost all respect for the "Great Mother".

There are no gardens, but hothouse flowers are imprisoned in glass cages like princesses in Arabian Tales.

The cities of the Old World remind one of flowers. They sell country flowers in season in carts on the street. Think of gloomy London yellow with primroses. Think of Paris and two sou bunches of violets, lilies of the valley, moss-roses, or of Florence and bunches of wild, pink cyclamens.

Or think of perfumes.

I can smell England twenty-four hours out at sea. It smells of lush green and roses.

One June, when the weather was warm, we went to dine every evening under the trees of the Champs Elysées. At the corner of the Place de la Concorde, there is a club with a large garden overhanging the street. There the scent of the lilies was as heavy as a fog. We used to stop and immerse ourselves in it.

Think of the waves of incense as one passes an Italian church.

New York smells of gasoline.

If you cannot loiter in New York, neither can you sit. If you are weary of fighting your way up town, there is no convenient café with green tin tables

on the side-walk. Yes, but would one enjoy sitting at a café on Fifth Avenue? If you have twenty minutes to spare, you can enter a hotel that looks very much like the Golden House of Nero, and sit and meditate among the Jazz bands.

Fifth Avenue. What do you see as you say it? Traffic, endless streams of motors all making a noise, endless streams of people rushing along. Shops.

Shops, "Women's Wear," dresses, hats, shoes, jewelry, furs. Women looking in the windows and imagining themselves wearing them, and men trying to imagine paying for them.

Of course, Fifth Avenue is not what it was. "Everything flows, nothing abides," said Heraclitus.

That is another of the sorrows of New York. Is there a landmark? Tear it up for a skyscraper! Is there an historic house? Away with it for a five-and-ten-cent store! Is there a quiet old square with low red brick houses? Down with 'em! Where are the spots that our infancy knew? Gone. Where is the shop we went to last month? Moved. Progress.

Now, certainly, time passes, men's needs change, things must be renewed, and forms perish that others may be created. Six cities stand one above the other on the site of Troy. One forum is built upon the ruins of others. The Paris of to-day is not the Paris of St. Louis. But, somehow, those cities died of war or of old age, and were renewed as nature renews her growth. Traces of the past remain. Upon the Capitoline, they still keep wolves in memory of Romulus and Remus. Here Cæsar thrice refused the crown. Upon this very spot the Kings of France received the homage of their feudatories. This is the Roman Wall, this the Visigothic, this the Saracenic, this the Mediæval. The past is alive in the present.

But here, the past is shovelled out of sight and mind. It is often said, "Our history is short." One might think we sprang out of the head of Jove in 1776! Our ancestors worshipped under oaks with the Druids. The ancestors of a large number of citizens crossed the Red Sea with Moses long before the Traffic jam. By what ancient ways have our souls come! It isn't that we have no history. It is that we do not care for any. Progress is what we want. Bigger and better traffic jams! More subways, more concrete roads, more cities, more skyscrapers, more factories, more Fords! Hurrah!

Take our landscape. You look upon the "Lordly Hudson". It is, indeed, more magnificent than the Rhine, more splendid than the poor little Seine; but what does it signify? Our landscape is empty. No fairies ever lived in it, no elves or pixies, no nymphs or fauns. One wonders whither have fled the supernatural beings of the Indians. How few people have loved these fields and mountains! How few have loved them and venerated and respected their beauty and their spirit!

I remember walking one evening along a country road near Barbizon. On one side was the forest, and, on the other, fields stretched out to a horizon with a church in a bouquet of trees. Such a humble landscape it was. Humble little fields with red poppies and blue cornflowers. From the forest came the

song of the cuckoo, clear, hollow and strange, like the very voice of the forest. Tears came to one's eyes, so full of poetry, of something sacred, was that land.

There men had laboured and fought, loved and suffered for hundreds of years, and poured into every grain of earth their spirit, and the earth in turn gave it back, enriched and purified.

Of course, I am not speaking of all of this vast country. California in Spring is the Earthly Paradise. Surely no more haunting and romantic landscape exists than the Highlands of Carmel, with Point Lobos thrown out into the Pacific, and I never look across San Francisco Bay without feeling that ancient cities lie beneath its waves. However, it won't be long before Progress does away with all that.

Another special characteristic of New York is noise. Never is there a moment of silence here, night nor day. And such noise,—motors, horns, rattling iron, trains, riveting, radios and shouting people. Even when it is relatively quiet, a roar goes on.

Divine Silence. How is it possible to live without refreshing oneself in that crystal pool? For silence is the voice of the spirit of Nature, and of the Gods. The marvellous silence of the desert, of the mountains. The sound of the pines in the wind, the baying of a dog, the songs of birds, arise on that profound quiet only to deepen it, for silence is not only physical, it is psychic. The psychic noise of New York is louder than all its clanging metals and motor horns.

But this is a great city? It is a large city, "the largest in the world." How large was Athens at the time of Pericles, or Florence under Cosimo de' Medici? The Paris of St. Louis was the size of a postage stamp.

Madrid has two murders a year, but it is, as everyone knows, a backward town.

The new "Empire State" building occupies a small plot of ground not half a "block" square. It is 85 stories high and can accommodate 30,000 people. Think of it: the population of a small city crowded into that space of earth, with their psychic lives milling around in so many cubic feet. It is terrifying. You feel that the earth will not tolerate it. This tiny island with all its towers of Babel will one day shake itself and sink into the Pit.

Not long ago I went on the roof of a skyscraper from which we could see all these towers of Manhattan.

Prodigious, portentous, fearful it was. It seemed to waken in the frightened soul some dreadful memory of Atlantis just before the deluge. Huge, formidable, sinister, material as these edifices are, what is most frightful about them is that they sometimes seem to one not to exist at all! They have no souls. You feel that if an Adept pointed a finger at them and said "Scat!" they would dissolve utterly, and nothing would remain, scarcely a little dust of reality.

The "Empire State", for example, is a beautiful building. It has proportion, line, colour. Its decoration is structural and elegant. Certainly the vision and taste of a great architect went into it. But what does it stand for? Religion? Reverence? The Crown? The State? Man? It stands for self-adver-

tising and money-making, and if you set it up on a plain beside one of those innumerable little country churches of France and looked at them with a discerning eye, you would not see it at all. Or if you think it unfair to compare it with a church, compare it with some thatched Sussex cottage with its pointed oast tower.

It is not the size of a thing which makes it real. It is the quality of spiritual intensity that creates and animates it.

Colossal "denkmals" stand up all over Germany. To make Hindenburg look a great man, they make him a hundred feet high. Does he look any greater to us? The head of Alexander in the Louvre is life size, but *he* looks like a God. The snow-crystal on my muff is no larger than a large pin head, but it rivals the Taj Mahal.

Would we might learn to open the eye of discernment upon the world! It, indeed, is the Third Eye.

Meanwhile, I am proceeding up the Avenue by leaps and zigzags, past the upturned muzzles of the lions which defend the Public Library, past the glittering show windows of Saks, past the Cathedral, so aptly described as a dictionary definition of Gothic, to where the Plaza opens out on the Park. Here the nymph, apparently balanced precariously on one leg, presides over the curiously phallic architecture of a fountain which graft has made of such poor cement it will no longer hold water. The wretched Park, hemmed in by walls of soaring apartment houses, nevertheless reminds one of the great patient life of nature, and the sky is a pure pearly blue, infinitely sad because so fragmentary, so remote, yet infinitely reassuring.

This alone lightens one's growing pessimism.

New York is not all of America. Somewhere there are lonely beaches, and vast table-lands, and rocky mountains, and trackless deserts. Somewhere the chariot wheels of the Seasons roll twined with garlands.

At this moment the vision of a South Sea Isle rises before me.

One remembers the story of the African explorer who had often imagined what he would do if a wild elephant ever charged him. He thought he would grasp the beast's tusks, and swing on them, thus avoiding being crushed beneath its feet.

One day, a wild elephant did charge him, and automatically he carried out his plan and was able to hang on until a native beater shot the elephant.

So I have formed a mould for my conduct when I arrive in Devachan; a picture to which my conduct can conform itself in case of emergency.

A smiling genius arrayed like the Flora of Botticelli will greet me and say, "Paolo Veronese is giving a banquet this evening, or, if you prefer, there will be fireworks at the Petit Trianon."

Paraphrasing the immortal Ko Ko, I reply,

"*I* won't see them, but they'll be there just the same."

"Sink down for five minutes upon this bench and watch the Night Blooming Cereus open," murmurs the spirit.

My legs will wobble, but I will say firmly,

"Avaunt. Lead me to yon peculiarly nasty squirming and squawling little infant waiting to be born. There is work to do!"

And now when I see the South Sea Isle arise, glittering upon the opalescent sea, I make the sign of the Evil Eye against it.

Where would we wish to be in War? At the Front. Here is our battle. Here are our friends and companions. Here, even here are those Beings of Patience and Wisdom, who embody and maintain the Beauty of the Law. For where else could they be?

Is everything in this city meaningless, destructive, leading only to the Pit? Surely not. Through its brutal discipline everything can be learned. By its desolating ugliness we are driven to look for the Eternal beauty. By its arid materialism we are forced to turn to the Spirit.

Out of such a pit did Dante rise to see the stars.

"E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle."

SAUVAGE.

To the clear eye, the smallest fact is a window through which the Infinite may be seen.—HUXLEY.

We are hemmed round with mystery, and the greatest mysteries are contained in what we see and do every day.—AMIEL.

O thou that . . . criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere", couldst thou only see.—CARLYLE.

WAR MEMORIES

XI

"Those Blinded in Battle"

IN the summer of 1916 I was, unfortunately, again invalided home—I had resumed heavy work too soon after my hospital accident in Brussels—and I returned to London, thinking that for a while I could at least do something less strenuous than that which was of necessity involved in the life of an army nurse. I did manage to secure odd "War jobs" here and there, but, to my disgust, I was advised to "lie off" altogether for a few months, and this appearing to be really necessary, I decided to spend that interval in the United States—though I confess it was some time before I could screw up my courage to go so far away. A few weeks before I left, however, something happened which, to me, will always remain the outstanding event of that summer. It cast over me a shadow which, for some reason, few other events of the War had had the power to create. I refer to Kitchener's death. How well I remember my first news of it, and all the little, insignificant details which accompanied the shock of that moment! That fleeting scene remains clear-cut as though of yesterday, a vivid, indelible picture burnt into my memory. I was at University College, climbing up the dark, winding little stairway which leads from the end of the main entrance hall to the first and second floors, and, though intent upon the business which had brought me there, suddenly I found my attention violently arrested. Two students had met, just as I reached the top of the first flight; they were standing on the narrow landing so that, as I mounted the last step, and paused to get my breath, I found myself within a few feet of them, and could miss no word of what was said.

"Have you heard the news?" asked one, in a strange, awed voice. He was the elder of the two, and evidently one of the "War wounded", for he was on crutches.

"No, what's the idea?" queried the other.

"Kitchener's lost!" replied the first, briefly.

"Kitchener lost?" came the jocular response from the younger boy, who had not understood what was meant. "Kitchener lost? Well, he's not the first one who has got himself lost in the War Office! But don't you worry—*he*'ll come to light again all right. You can trust K. of K.!"

"You young fool!" snapped the other, "I tell you he's lost—drowned—his ship's gone down!"

Silence fell on all three of us; it was a sudden and stunning blow. The British public, of course, did not even know that he had left the country, much less did we know under what circumstances, and in the back of our minds we pictured him there in Whitehall, firmly in charge of affairs, like a rock in our

tempest-tossed sea. Kitchener was to us the symbol of immutability; with him at the helm there was never any serious question as to which way the War would end, for since the first days, he had stood for ultimate and certain victory. I know he had his enemies, bitter opponents of his methods (has any great man ever been without them?), but so deep, so ingrained was the trust which the English people had in him, so highly, so unreservedly was he esteemed, that far and wide it was felt (and justly), that no one could ever replace him. It would be hard to describe the black depression in England which followed the sinking of the "Hampshire"; it was the one topic of conversation wherever you went. I never saw Kitchener myself—never in my life save at a distance—yet to me, his loss seemed strangely personal, and for a long time I could not seem to get free from its shadow. For a long time too, as is well known, many refused to believe in the truth of the official report—refused to believe that he was really dead. As in the case of more than one of the legendary figures of ancient days, there long persisted the profound belief that "he would come back" some day.

Later in the summer I went to America, but I must confess that the recollection of my visit there is rather hazy, save the astonishment I experienced in finding that, with occasional exceptions, few Americans seemed to be what I called vitally concerned about the War. I felt as though I had suddenly wakened to find myself in an unfamiliar world, where people were speaking an unfamiliar language; that, instead of having taken ship to cross the Atlantic, I had taken airship to traverse vast regions of space, and that I had finally landed on another planet. Many Americans were ardent War-workers, of course, but too often this work, immensely generous as it was, seemed to me to be done as though for a cause very far removed, unsubstantial, at times almost alien, not the one important thing in the world, not a matter of life and death. I remember, too, how many people there were who, hearing that I had been in occupied Belgium during the first year of the War, wanted to know what I really thought about the "so-called atrocities", few indeed being willing to believe that such things as were reported could possibly happen now-a-days. I remember how utterly outraged I used to feel because of this attitude; how I used to talk and explain and illustrate, but in most cases, I think I felt that, as soon as I had gone, what I had said would be summed up as "too partial", and so the matter would end. Thank heaven, though, there were exceptions—people who did understand. To these, the least event of the War was of all-absorbing concern, a *personal* concern; but although I travelled from the Atlantic coast to the Middle West, it was most unusual to meet with the intense personal conviction, universal in France and in England: "This War is *my* War; I know what it means and what is involved, and I shall see it through to the finish if it takes the last ounce of strength in me." And so, except for these blessed "few", I felt again much as I had felt when I first came out of occupied Belgium—like a lonely ghost—and several months passed in this way. Before the winter had gone, however, there was promise of a better state of mind, of a forced popular awakening, brought on very largely by the unrestricted submarine warfare of

the Germans, and when, toward spring, it became evident that the United States was at long last going to join forces with the Allies, one day I hastily packed my "kit", engaged passage on the first boat sailing from New York, and fled precipitately back to the Old World, terrified at the mere idea that if I waited until war was actually declared, I might have passport difficulties in regard to getting out of the country. We had a stormy passage and, when still two or three days off the English coast, we were greeted one morning by the good news that the United States had indeed formally declared war on Germany. As we entered the War-zone—the forbidden and dangerous waters where death lurked in every wave, the waters which encircled the British Isles—we knew we might well expect the worst from mines, or from submarines for that matter, especially as ours was an American ship. Passengers were told that they must have their life-belts constantly beside them, and during the last nights out, most of us slept in our clothes—almost in our hats! As I remember it, we had kept to a very northerly course in crossing the Atlantic, and I think we passed to the north of Ireland, and so down to Liverpool, where we landed. Never can I possibly forget my joy when I stood once more on English soil, and felt that I was home—home where men and women knew that "there was a War on", knew "what it was all about", what they were fighting for, and I vowed that nothing would ever again separate me from the Allies and their grim business, until that business was settled.

Once in London, I lost no time in finding occupation—occupation of rather an innocuous character, it is true, but it was at least a first step toward getting back into the stronger currents of the War: Entertainment Committees to take charge of men who had come home on leave, also the inevitable bandage-rolling and compress-making, in fact anything I could find to do, though all the time my hopes were flying with persistent longing across the Channel to France. Many months had passed since I had left it, and the War had seen many changes during that time. The almost inconceivable fury of the struggle for Verdun (a small part of which, at least, it had been my marvellous good fortune to witness), had died down, though the embers, of course, still smouldered. From that unforgettable February, 1916, to the middle of the following summer, the Germans had, it is true, succeeded in overrunning more than a hundred square miles to the north and east of the great fortress, but at what a frightful cost to themselves! And after all, what had they actually gained? That carefully worked-out scheme of the German High Command, to forestall the anticipated Anglo-French offensive which Joffre had been planning on the western front—to forestall it by a swift, death-dealing blow at Verdun—had, in reality, been an utter failure, if for no other reason than because the very backbone of that scheme had been the certainty of the Germans that they would thus be striking terror into the hearts of the French people, demoralization quickly following. Germany has ever been noted for myopia where others are concerned. The French hold on Verdun never slackened for an instant. The indomitable cry: "*On tiendra!*" of the first days, blazed into the immortal: "*Passeront pas!*" a little later. And the Germans, despite their hundred odd miles of territorial

gain (though they never succeeded in driving the French from the southern slopes of Le Mort Homme, that hill which will for ever stand as a monument to heroic fortitude)—despite those hundred miles, the Germans never did pass in any real sense. They thought they were fighting French troops; that their guns were ploughing a way through human flesh and blood. Had they but possessed the insight to recognize it, that fiery barrier through which they could not penetrate, was a barrier of naked souls; and the undimmed spirit of France, always at its brightest in hours of darkness and danger, was the best of all answers to the audacious hopes of the Germans, for at last, even *they* knew that they had failed.

Nevertheless, that year of 1916 brought no final military decision in favour of the Allies, as had been anticipated, though it did bring the dawning realization of the immense advantage which would result from continuous, simultaneous Allied action; and there had been splendid Allied drives, for the summer of that year saw the battles of the Somme, the Italians on the Isonzo, and the Russians on the Sereth and the Styr. England, however, needing all her fighting units abroad, was hampered by the Irish rebellion at home, and severest blow of all was Kitchener's loss. Then some months later, followed, at intervals, the defeat of Roumania and the collapse of Russia—the tardy entrance of the United States into the War hardly compensating for this latter tragedy. But a surprising thing happened. As a result of the Anglo-French offensive of 1916 on the Somme, and, later, on the Ancre, two dangerous salients had been made in the German line, and in the spring of 1917 a great German retreat began—the first of any magnitude since the Battle of the Marne—a retreat along the western front roughly the whole way from Arras to Soissons. At first there was an outburst of rejoicing in England and in France, but the Allies soon began to realize that, as the Germans retreated, they themselves were advancing into territory of indescribable and utter ruin (good evidence of German thoroughness!) and that while, eventually, more than a thousand square miles were recovered, it was a countryside devastated beyond recognition—towns and villages so completely blotted from the map that there was hardly a trace where once they had stood, only smouldering ashes still warm under foot; all the wells poisoned; forests and beautiful orchards wantonly cut down; fertile fields laid waste; bridges blown up, and rivers dammed so as to complete the desolation by wide-spreading floods; and when at last the Germans halted, entrenching themselves this time on what became known as the "Hindenburg Line", it was recognized that perhaps, if anything, their position was stronger than it had been before, because of the shorter and more easily defended new line. Also, while the French could once more call that recovered thousand square miles of country their own, the towns which once had been known as Bapaume, Péronne, Roye, Lassigny etc., no longer had any real existence, and one of the richest and loveliest regions of France was blank desolation, described by the French themselves as "*Le Royaume de la Mort*". It has often been said, in referring to this methodical, deliberate and calculated outrage, that since the times of barbarism, there has been no such unjustifiable destruction. About eighteen months

later, immediately after the Armistice, I repeatedly passed through that ghastly, nightmare region. No one who has travelled it can ever forget the terrible Albert-Bapaume-Arras road, so straight in places that, for many miles ahead, you could see its undeviating, white line stretching endlessly, mounting to the crest of hills, sinking for a brief space out of sight as it spanned some narrow valley—but straight as the cleft of a gigantic sword across the face of France, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, not a village, not a tree, not even a bush; only deep, poisonous slime—mud, everywhere mud.

In the summer of 1917 my usual fortune favoured me, and once more I got abroad to France, and to the front. It was again the western front, but this time in the British sector, and although some of us may not have realized it at the moment, as a matter of fact we were on the fringe of what was later known as the Third Battle of Ypres. The capture of the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge had already been accomplished; after more than a year of burrowing by British and Colonial sappers—mining so skilfully and so silently done that the Germans on the crest of the Ridge had no suspicion of what was going on beneath them—that stupendous and spectacular succession of explosions which had blown away the very tops of the hills on which stood the German fortifications, had thundered over its hundred and fifty mile radius. Eye-witnesses said there was something almost primeval in the wild display of unchained force, that it was like the eruption of huge volcanoes, that great volumes of scarlet flame rushed upward to the heavens, and that the ground heaved and rolled as in an earthquake. That had been in June, and it was but a beginning; now in the late summer the British were attacking Passchendaele Ridge to the north-east of Ypres. There are three thoroughfares which will for ever be conspicuous in the history of the Great War, because of the heroic deeds to which they are witness—the Route Nationale from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun; the Albert-Bapaume highway of the Somme, and the Menin Road running east from Ypres. Passchendaele, now the centre of Anglo-French attack, was but a few miles to the north of this road, one of the Allied objectives being to break through the German lines of communication, thus forcing the enemy to withdraw from the Belgian coast where their submarine bases were.

It was on a glorious, warm, summer afternoon that I arrived at my new post —what had once been a lovely old château some miles to the west of Poperinghe; a château where a British hospital had been temporarily established. I had come overland from the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and had been surprised to find the country round St. Omer so fresh and sweet, despite the nearness of War. A soft haze hung over the fields and marshlands and still, mirror-like canals, giving the lovely French landscape an unexpectedly peaceful and dreamy look; the height of Cassel, a little to the north, rose beautifully green and quite Olympian as we sped across the wide plain, low-lying in sharp contrast to it—Olympian, because we knew that, from its summit, commands were issued to the battle-line, not far away. Despite the lingering air of peace, however, there were, of course, many signs of war; the small farms and villages filled with men in rest billets; columns of troops marching to the east or to the west (to or from

the trenches), and the never-failing camions and grey, military cars; but for some reason, nothing seemed to disturb the tranquil loveliness of that afternoon, and I remember noticing with pleasure that some of the narrow lanes branching from the parched, poplar-bordered highroad along which we travelled, looked cool and shady and inviting, with blackberry vines in graceful, drooping masses. It is strange how persistently lovely nature is, against almost all odds! As we approached our destination, I saw that the château itself was partly in ruin (bombing raids, of course), but it stood in a beautiful park where great, brown hospital tents had been erected, under the wide-spreading branches of purple beeches. A traffic sergeant stood at the massive entrance gateway to give us our directions, and, passing along the curved sweep of the avenue, which ran between sunny lawns, sweet with the scent of fresh-cut grass, we reached the courtyard entrance to the château—a wide, flagged courtyard, where ripening plums and peaches hung from the green branches of the fruit trees, trained against the warm, sun-baked, sheltering walls. One of the hospital sisters, greeting us at the door, showed us to our quarters, and after a quick change we were ready for duty.

The hospital seemed drowsing in the mid-summer heat, as I passed through the long corridors, and the golden sunshine streamed in through wide-open French windows. High overhead, two or three Allied aeroplanes sailed like silver dragon-flies across the calm, deep, blue expanse of the sky, and from the distance I heard the old, familiar sound—the steady beating of the guns. Then I passed with a sister who had shown me the way, into a shady ward—the ward of the newly blind. I had had little enough experience of those who had lost their eyesight; none at all of men blinded in battle, and I felt dreadfully shy and ill at ease when I was told to go over to one of the patients who occupied a bed in a far corner, and help him to eat his supper—in fact to *feed* him—as his nurse had been called away for a few minutes. I was also to try to amuse him.

"What *shall* I say?" I thought to myself. "He won't know my voice, and I shall seem strange to him. He probably won't at all like to have me messing about—I wish someone would tell me what to do."

As a matter of fact, it was the "blinded in battle" man himself, who gave me the tip I needed, a tip which served me well many times thereafter. He was a young giant (from Yorkshire, I noticed on the report card hanging above his bed), his head swathed in bandages with only the lower part of his face left visible, but as I approached him, I saw that he was listening intently.

"I see that you are a new-comer", he said—a strange expression from the lips of a blind man, and I felt, somehow, that he was actually looking straight at me from behind those thick dressings.

"Yes, I have only been here an hour," I answered, "and am I not in luck to have been sent over here to talk to you—and may I help you finish your supper?"

He "looked" at me again, and an enigmatic little smile lit up the only part of his face that I could see. His supper was a bowl of thick soup which stood on a small bed-table stretched across him over the counterpane, and as I spoke, I saw his great, powerful hand thrust quickly out, and he began eagerly feeling

about for the spoon. There was sight in each one of those long, expectant fingers—fingers coarsened and stained by heavy work, not by any means delicate, yet already the increased sense of touch in them had begun to replace the so-lately lost sense. Then began a tussle as plucky in its own way as any I have ever seen, for once this man (only a few days sightless) had found that spoon, he had to find the bowl, and then he had to find his mouth! I watched him, fascinated, as he toiled at that difficult task. Something which seemed to emanate from him, prompted me to make no move—he actually held me at a distance. I would not have *dared* offer to help him; to pity him, even silently in my own mind, would have been an insufferable offence. There were, of course, not a few mishaps, but it did not seem to matter. He struggled on, and as he neared the end, *I* felt that *he* felt he had regained some of his self-respect. At last he laid the spoon down with a triumphant clatter, and I heard a merry chuckle, as he sank back again into his pillows.

"Damn good joke!" he laughed boyishly, "that's the first time I've been allowed to do anything for myself since I came here. Lord! if people only knew what a rotter you feel when everything is done for you."

There was my cue, to be used in that ward of battle-blinded heroes: "What a rotter you feel when everything is done for you!", and I realized keenly what it must mean to those who, until a few days ago, had led their own strong lives, independent, unconstrained—how insupportable must be the feeling of almost complete dependence upon others for the merest trifles of daily life. I thought I had seen courage before, but in one sense, I felt that I was meeting it now for the first time in that ward, among those men who would never again see the sunlight on the trees, the flashing colour of flowers, the faces of friends or the thousand dear and familiar objects which most of us accept so thoughtlessly. Here were men, suddenly shattered, stripped of what seemed the very best part of themselves, yet carrying a gallant front—for, take it all in all, they were among the most deliberately and obstinately cheerful I have ever known.

Sometimes, though, there seemed to be exceptions. I remember one man in whose face (if you crept upon him unawares) there was always a look of silent, tragic horror, far worse than any words that he could have found to express what he was dreading. Yet, if he knew that you were there, or if you spoke to him, he was instantly responsive, quick with a jest. He had been brought in quite recently.

"Will he be totally blind?" I asked the head nurse one day, "is there no hope for him?"

"Practically none," she answered, "but, of course, we have not told him."

"Do you think he suspects?" I asked again.

"We hope not!"—this most sympathetically.

A few days later, passing his bed noiselessly—I thought he was asleep—to my surprise I saw that a look of perfect serenity shone in that pitifully disfigured face, with its sightless eyes, a look I had never seen there before. He was not sleeping; he heard me and called.

"You are better to-day," I ventured, "is the pain less?"

"Yes, I am better," he smiled, quite contentedly, "much better—you see, *I know!*"

He had learned the worst, and courage had returned to him with the very knowledge of it. No more dread (none at least that would ever again master him), no more horror. He was standing on firm ground now, for he *knew*. He was the merest boy, athletic and brimming with vitality, and as I looked at him, I realized what was ahead of him—the long, new, strange life on which he was embarking; but he was not the kind that fails.

Some of the men in that ward had lost more than their eyesight—as though blindness were not sufficient toll! Many had lost arms and legs as well; many had other frightful wounds; but you could not hope to meet a more cheerful lot in the face of such grievous adversity. Our ward not infrequently resounded with laughter, and I often asked myself how they managed it—those sightless men; but I soon learned how *stubbornly* cheerful men can be even when on the verge of despair, and how contagious this kind of stubbornness is. You would see men groping their way about (for they soon learned something of the simple geography of the ward), one-legged blind men hobbling on crutches; legless blind men wheeling themselves in their chairs—for we gave them all the latitude we could. Sometimes there would be a collision—one man would walk straight into another, and almost knock him down. There would be a momentary pause, and then a voice raised in mock indignation:

"You silly ass! Can't you look and see where you're going to?" And a burst of applause would follow from an audience which could not see, but which, perhaps, for that very reason, was all the quicker to catch the contagious merriment. Then, too, we found much talent among our men; some had beautiful voices, and we used to have concerts of popular War songs. I remember one boy especially, with a rich baritone, who used to sing:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams . . ."

To most people that song is hackneyed now, but if you have ever heard it sung by "those blinded in battle", in a hospital ward close to the front, with the booming of the guns in your ears, it never could become hackneyed—not with the memory of those sightless, upturned faces, as voice after voice joined in:

"There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true . . ."

It must have taken courage to sing those words, realizing the long, dark, dull, slow-moving years—the unknown, unguessed future ahead!

On fine days we sometimes took our blind men for walks in the park, and I remember on one occasion having a boy in my charge who had not been actually out of doors since he had lost his sight. I had already noticed him in the ward, because he seemed more shy and retiring than many of the others, as though he were living a quiet, interior life of his own. As we started to go down the stairs (the blind ward was on the second floor of the château) instinctively I took his arm to guide him, to prevent a possible fall—I had forgotten my "cue".

"Don't!" he protested vigorously, and then apologized. Stupidly I did not realize what I had done, and I asked him.

"Well, you see," he explained after a moment's hesitation, "I've never been *led* before, and it makes me feel a rotter,"—the same old phrase! "Don't take *my* arm; let me take *yours*, it makes all the difference in the world—to us!"

Of course it did, and why had I forgotten that cue? I was far more blind than he not to have realized the burning pride which a blind man takes in the little independence he still can claim; his almost savage determination to find, as far as possible, his own way; to walk on his own feet! I do not know why I remember that fleeting incident so vividly, but I can hear the ring in that boy's protesting voice to-day—"Don't!"

When we got down to the lower floor, we crossed a small, flagged court at the rear, and stepped out into a large garden, now, in wartime, ill kept it is true, but a garden where flowers and shrubs were growing, where butterflies, heedless of the sounds of war, floated happily, and where a bird note thrilled in ecstasy from the spreading branches of a purple beech. We passed along one of the garden paths, and then I felt him suddenly release my arm, and I moved a few feet away and watched him. He stood quite still for several minutes, apparently forgetting that anyone was near him; his face with those unseeing eyes was raised—a habit with the blind—and then I saw him stretch out his hands, palms upward, and then his arms to their full length. And so he stood, as though with those bare, upturned palms, he was looking at the gay little butterflies just over his head; at the tops of the trees, even at the summer sky itself, stretching so kindly above him. Those eloquent hands of the blind! The man's whole being was concentrated in them.

"How big it is out here!" I heard him whisper, very low, quite to himself. "I never knew how vast it was—when I could *see* it all," and he began slowly to walk about with his arms still outstretched, as though he were really *looking* for the first time in his life—the blind soon find that they have inner eyes with which to see. So this sightless man, who would never again look, as once he had, over the rolling downs of his native Devon, was gaining a new sight which some of us might envy. I have never seen anyone more absorbed in his new lesson than that man was—I could almost *feel* the new sense growing in him. I waited, silent; words would have spoiled everything. A little breeze stole toward us, whispering as it passed through the low, sweet grasses,—the way a little, inarticulate breeze will find its voice, singing as it creeps through the things it loves, the flowers and the leaves and the small, tangled vines. I saw him listening intently, and his poor, mutilated, shell-scarred face grew suddenly quite beautiful as he heard that elfin sound (though, all the time, the drumming of the guns!): he must have *seen* the stirring of those flowers. So, first he saw the things near by, and then, as I watched him, like the slow unrolling of a scroll, I knew that he was "seeing" far off things, until that summer's day slipped to its end, and twilight made us seek the shelter of the ward again.

Of course we had our air raids, and these grew more frequent and more violent as time went on—"Third Ypres" was in full swing. The hospital tents in the

park were built high with sandbags to protect the inmates from the side-blast of bombs as they dropped and burst; if a bomb fell on the *top* of a tent, however, —well, there was nothing more to do about it! In the wards of the château we took what precautions we could, but knowing that even so distant a spot as Malo-les-Bains was constantly visited, how could *we* expect to escape? All the news which reached us from around Passchendaele told of the struggle of our troops in poisonous swamps and marshes; of quantities of men drowning helplessly in shell-holes; of persistent assault, of not any too much gain; of frightful suffering; of grim, determined endurance. But the tanks were doing splendid work, jumping trenches as though in a steeple chase; flattening out the German "pill-boxes" as though they were made of matchwood instead of concrete. (The rather inappropriate names of some of these cumbersome, rolling monsters used greatly to amuse me—"Susie", "Molly", "Daisy", etc.—it was like calling a deinosaur, "Effie"!) All day we heard the great guns from beyond Ypres, and many a fight in the sky above us kept us on the alert, while several of the "sausages"—strange, globular, earth-bound, aerial creatures, out beyond the confines of the park—were brought down in flames. At night (I was on night duty at this time), I often watched the horizon as it was lit by the swift stabbing of the gun-flashes; an occasional S.O.S. signal with its brilliant, fan-like resplendence, while the heavens were ablaze with sweeping search lights; but the air raids continued despite them.

There were rumours of another push in the salient—St. Julien way, I think—and an evening came when there seemed to fall an ominous hush, like the calm before a storm. The grey dusk had faded into darkness, and with the darkness our blind men had gone to their rest, and our ward was now sleeping soundly. As I sat there in the dimmest of lights (we always put out every glimmer that we could), without warning and in an instant of time, the long, cool stillness of the night hours was shattered, for, from the battle line a few miles away, there broke the sudden roar of an overwhelming bombardment—ours, I knew! The rumoured push had begun. We used to call a bombardment of this kind an "all together", for at such times every gun in the Ypres salient, of every calibre and description (even a "Grandmother" thrown in here and there!), was put into simultaneous action, the tumult being gloriously indescribable. So they all thundered now, but not a man in our ward stirred—all far too accustomed to the shock of guns—and the steady pounding continued, hour after hour. I listened, picturing to myself the preparation in our lines, our men taking their places in the trenches while they waited with horrible, gnawing suspense; their impatience to be off into action under the fiery protection of that barrage; the last orders of their officers; the tight-strung nerves of all. Then, abruptly (timed to schedule, of course), the guns ceased firing. There followed a quivering silence, so intense that it was almost unreal, and in that long silence, and even at that distance, I knew that out there where the first creeping light of palest dawn had hardly yet dispelled the shadows of the night—out there where the beautiful star-shells were falling—our men had gone over the top.

The silence did not last, however, for a nearer sound broke sharply across

it; before we knew it the German winged eagles were upon us—another attack from the air! I have never understood why we had no warning that night, for always a signal had been given even if only two or three minutes in advance, but on this occasion, and almost before I could get up from my chair, the bombs were dropping around us. As a rule, when the raids were very severe, the head nurse and I tried, before the worst of the attack came, to get our blind men to a pre-arranged place of comparative safety (some could grope their own way, unassisted), but on this particular night there was no time—we knew we were too late. Through a wide-open window which looked out into the park, I could see in the dim light of the early morning, great volumes of yellowish-black smoke come rolling up in thick, ever-expanding waves—this from one of the bombs which had just burst. A prolonged, whistling sound, soft and distant at first, but increasingly shrill—then the familiar demoniac explosion as another bomb fell; then another whistling scream, another crash tearing the earth to fragments, rocking the old château to its foundations, poisoning the cool, sweet, morning air as the columns of vapour rose to a great height. With the sound of the first detonations every one of our blind men had, of course, begun to move; those who could had got quickly up, some of them groping their way to the exit, but the men with both legs off were helpless. I saw the head nurse (a mere scrap of a woman) hastening with a most wonderful and deliberate calm, to the beds of those unable without preparation to move; I saw my blind Yorkshire giant, rising to his full height, erect and towering like a church steeple, throw himself toward the bed next to him where a severely wounded man lay; I saw my giant (he could have saved himself had he wanted to!) snatch up this man, and start to carry him away to safety. I saw my boy who had stood with outstretched hands in the garden that day, swiftly feel his way to a neighbouring bed where he knew that a semi-paralysed man was lying (though he too could easily have saved himself), and stooping over his comrade, "Quick! put your arms round my neck, chum," I heard him shout above the uproar, as he tried to swing him over his shoulder. A blinding flash, a roaring, grinding, rending sound, and what seemed, at that frightful moment, to be half the wall and roof of the ward came crashing in, followed by dense clouds of smoke and huge, jagged steel splinters, flying in all directions—and when the smoke and dust had cleared away we saw the price that had been paid. Three of our men lay dead, and one was dying—though why the toll had not been greater I have never been able to guess. The whole thing seemed to have happened in the turn of a thought, even the usual orderlies had not had time to come to our assistance; it was over before we knew it had begun, and ruin lay about us. As a matter of fact, when the first confusion had passed, we found that only a small portion of the wall and roof had been demolished, but it had been enough to claim the lives of my poor Yorkshireman, my Devon boy with the sightless-seeing eyes, and the other already badly crippled men, for whom these two had so gladly given their own lives.

Our ward was not the only one that had suffered, however, for a large hospital tent in the park, where many Scottish wounded lay, had been struck full on

the top, which meant the one inevitable thing—an appalling list of killed; and, late that afternoon, the little chapel of the château was a moving sight, for the stretchers, arranged in a triple row, stood in front of the small altar, and on each a still form lay—each man under his Union Jack. Flowers from the garden had been brought in, and a few candles burned softly, while our Army chaplain had already begun the burial service. Then, some of us followed our men to their last resting place. Headed by the chaplain, our little procession wound slowly across the neighbouring fields, in the glow of a golden sunset, a few pipers, in honour of the many Highland dead, skirling sadly as we went, drowning even the loud booming of the guns. When we came to a small cemetery where others, dying on the Field of Honour, had preceded our own dead, we halted beside a long, open trench, for a single grave was to hold them all. One by one each man was lowered into that common pit, quietly a final prayer and the Blessing was said over them, and then, in the fading light, a tall, gaunt piper, separating himself from the rest, took his place alone beside the open grave and played a last farewell, and as we stood there with bowed heads, that ancient Highland Lament, with its poignant, aching melancholy, rose and fell in the still evening air, as the deepening shadows closed in around us.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

Be valiant as men despising death, but confident as unwonted to be overcome.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The Cross sanctifies all that it touches, and Heaven only accepts those fruits which it has consecrated.—PERREYVE.

The test of a great love is not what it demands, but what it is prepared to do without.—ANON.

THAT SANSKRIT TERM: LAZINESS

The most perfect and greatest of all good things are usually the result of laborious exercise and energetic vigorous labour.

PHILO.

FEW of us who were privileged to hear it, will ever forget our surprise and delight when Mr. Johnston, in his Convention speech of 1929, introduced us to that Sanskrit term, "Laziness". "Let us," he said, "make a resolute effort to conquer what is called in Sanskrit, *laziness*." Many of us laughed—it was so sudden; but for some the term has become, since then, a veritable open sesame into hitherto hidden mysteries of life. We have come to realize that "The Work", about which Mr. Judge wrote so often, and for which he and Madame Blavatsky—hour by hour, day by day, year by year—laid down their lives, was called by them The Work precisely because it was hewn out by work founded upon devotion to the Masters, and raised up and sustained for them by work,—not by laziness. To-day, we speak proudly—and glibly—of The Work; we have joined The Work; we tell each other about The Work, past, present, and to come. What is our individual share in that Work? What is the proportion of our work for Theosophy, and our work for ourselves? Are we perfectly certain that the reform of ourselves is the *only* contribution we can make? In the German folk-tale (and what German folk-tale is not a graphic picture of unadulterated lower nature?), that boastful little tailor, helping the giant carry a big tree, offered to let him bear the single and simple trunk, while *he* took the great multitude of twigs and branches for his share,—and then sat upon them, while the giant, his back turned, and confiding, toiled along, dragging trunk, branches, and tailor. The picture is meant to be funny, because, being a German story, we are supposed to side with the smart braggart and liar of a tailor against the giant. But when the giant is a lion-hearted H. P. B.,—a sick, maligned, and suffering woman—or, if you will, an "Arhan who remains to help mankind", what then? Mr. Judge wrote of himself: "I am swamped in work, but my courage is up"; and again: "I have no amusements but nothing but work in the T. S." (*Letters That Have Helped Me*, II, pp. 42, 75); and he adds: "He who enters the secret Path finds his peace and pleasure in endless work for ages for Humanity." *Endless work for ages.* And we barely get up the energy once a year,—or is it once in two or three years?—to write a QUARTERLY article; to prepare a worth-while talk for our Branch meetings; to study (not just read) the *Secret Doctrine* and *Key;* or to train ourselves to read and write a foreign language so as to help the spread of Theosophy; or to learn to typewrite, or to take dictation, or even to copy a paragraph correctly from a book, or place a postage stamp properly on an envelope. Years ago Mr. Judge wrote: "—— is right enough in his way, but

certainly he ought to be fitting himself for something in addition to speaking, as the T. S. has to have a head as well as a tongue; and if a man knows he is bad at business, he should mortify himself by making himself learn it, and thus get good discipline. We sadly need at all places some true enthusiasts. But all that will come in time [though hardly yet, after 35 years]. The main thing is for the members to study and know Theosophy, for if they do not know it, how can they give any of it to others? Of course at all times most of the work falls upon the few, as is always the case, but effort should be made, as you say, to bring out other material" (*op. cit.*, p. 63). The principle is clear; if you can do one thing, learn another.

Laziness,—what is it, from a theosophical point of view? Does anyone excuse himself on the ground that it is Tamas, one of the three "Gunas or fundamental qualities" which "for ever encompass us", and that, consequently, he must be expected inevitably to possess his share? But Tamas is nowhere called *laziness*. The *Glossary* defines it as "darkness, 'foulness' and inertia"; the *Secret Doctrine* as "spiritual darkness" (I, 373); Mr. Judge as "Indifference, ignorance, darkness", or again says it is "of the nature of indifference and is the deluder of mortals" (*Letters*, I, 15 and 48). Not a word about laziness. In fact there is nothing primordial or fundamental or grand at all about laziness. It is wholly secondary, a perversion, a positive moral defect. Let us see what we may discover about it.

Mr. Judge once wrote: "I am constantly in the habit of consulting the dictionary and of thinking out the meanings and the correlations of words. Do the same. It is good" (*Letters*, II, 82). One dictionary defines lazy as "indisposed to move quickly or to work"; another as "averse to work; slothful"; and a third as "unwilling to work; indolent; disinclined to exertion". Every one of these phrases expresses a state of the *will*, and a positive, not a quiescent, state. It is not that people lie down and do not work, it is that they will not work. The word is derived from the Latin *laxus*, loose, through the French *lâche*, cowardly, slack,—also obvious in their moral connotations. A coward is not merely a man in whom there is an absence of courage, he is a man who *acts* on his fears. When Mr. Judge was swamped with work, his courage was up. If some toil-worn older member should be so downright as to call some of us cowards, instead of lazy, we should relish the characterization even less, no doubt,—but with what right? Men are indulgent towards someone who merely calls them lazy—partly, perhaps, because to get excited (they feel instinctively) would rouse them out of it; but partly also because the very essence of laziness is to resist the pressure of a higher will,—one's own, or another's. A lazy man is not merely a man possessed with a superabundance of inertia (Tamas)—for *all* men without exception whatever have some degree of *that*—but one who acts (Rajas) or wills, against action. A man under the dominion of indifference, ignorance, darkness, does not see that there is a duty to perform; a lazy man sees a duty to perform, and is *not willing* to perform it. "Thou wicked and slothful servant" was said of a man whose wickedness lay in his sloth—in resisting the known will of an "austere" Lord. Like neutrality, laziness turns

the will back upon itself, and stultifies itself. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle *soul* shall suffer hunger" (Prov., xix, 15). Inertia keeps a moving ball rolling, once started. Start a lazy man writing an article, and he will stop in the middle, at the first excuse or interruption, and then justify his "inability" to qualify as a literary light. The lazy man assumes that the doing of what he does not want to do, would strain him unduly,—an assumption which might imply that he has written instructions from on high not to strain even so much as his tendon of Achilles. Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge had, apparently, no such dispensations. No, laziness is not Tamas, it is Rajas gone wrong; it is a sort of incarcerated, or intrenched, self-will; it is the rebellion of a coward.

To face this fact can become a veritable revelation, if it be applied to the details of one's own life. There is a great difference between failure to recognize an opportunity to work, or the need for work or to help someone in distress (due to indifference, ignorance, darkness), and refusal to take the trouble, to endure the pains, or to risk the obloquy, of some demand that life, or Karma, makes upon us. The end of the lazy man is self-destruction through the use of his will to resist his will: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth" (Eccle., x, 18). Incidentally, the root meaning of the Hebrew abstract feminine word *'astlâh*, slothfulness, laziness, is *'âtsêl*, "to *lean* idly". And it was precisely this word which formed the key-note of the 1928 Convention addresses, in the first of which the Chairman of our Executive Committee exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, get out of the habit of leaning on, instead of carrying". He also added: "H. P. B. and Judge did not lean on. If we are to complete their work, we must also carry, not lean on. This, therefore, is my suggestion, something that I hope you will keep in heart. The responsibility is real, when you recognize it. One takes the risk of pressing it on you, because it has to be recognized and has to be acted on." If the building decays, therefore—if the stronghold of Theosophy erected for us by our wise Master-builders and cemented with a toil fearsome to think upon, and which brought illness, suffering, and death—if that stronghold raised in the very midst of hell, collapses, the responsibility is now ours. And where, pray, may we then turn for safety? The veil of Tamas—of ignorance and darkness (and who, reading the Convention Reports, will dare exclude indifference?)—has been torn aside, and we are left stripped of all excuse. Our leaders took "the risk" of "pressing" the responsibility of that realization upon us because it *had to be done*. One year later—ample time in which to prove our mettle—with a fine irony, and a delicate courtesy, we were called—in Sanskrit—*lazy*. Did the humour of it blind us to the stinging lash upon our recalcitrant wills?

The Curé d'Ars used to say, when people spoke of his holiness: "I am not afraid of taking trouble, that is all." His simplicity of statement is almost a guarantee of its truth. What limit is there to a man who never refuses to undertake anything which he recognizes as desirable to be done? And until a man has attained some such attitude, can he be said to be master in his own household? With such a spirit, it is easy to see how "One could be confined

in a prison and yet be a *worker* for the Cause." We read of Mr. Judge: "To those who would ask his advice in the crises which were wont to shake the tree of the T. S., he would make answer: 'Work! Work! Work for Theosophy!' " (*Letters*, II, 114). It was Mr. Judge's constant theme. In the fifteen of his letters in the first volume compiled by Jasper Niemand, there are sixteen references to work, its need and fruits; and in the twenty-three shorter letters, with additional fragments, of the second volume, there are twenty-five references, including six whole pages devoted to elucidating the way to work. They form, in the light of the writer's own life, a moving commentary on: "He who enters the secret Path finds his *peace and pleasure* in endless work for ages for Humanity,"—and provide us with ample guidance for our own conduct in starting, however humbly, to tread that Path.

We cannot say that we lack incentive, though perhaps it is true that we do not make our own the incentives which, along with responsibility, are literally pressed upon us. No pains are being spared to make clear to us the issues of the present, the magnificent possibilities of the very near future, the high adventure of our own personal share in all that the Movement holds in store. And we are told in no uncertain terms precisely how we may assure ourselves of not being left out of what lies just ahead: "Immediate rebirth is for those who are *always working* with their hearts on Master's work and free from self-interest" (*Letters*, I, 24). May we not conclude, therefore, that the antidote for *laziness* is—in Sanskrit—*work?* Let us then put ourselves in harness, and "Work as those work who are ambitious."

M. H.

It is tiny drops that form the mighty ocean: so, likewise, it is apparently trivial faults that lead to grievous sin.—AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

More sinners are made by sloth than by any other sin soever.—RAMÓN LULL.

If we would see the stars of His mysteries, we must first descend into the deep well of humility.—CATHERINE OF SIENA.

SELF-GIVING

IT may be thought that as individual members, as individual Branches, we appear to do little for the spiritual welfare of mankind, and the question may cross the mind: what *can* we do to further the Cause of Brotherhood in the world?

There is a good deal we can do, if we wish to, because it happens to be of a personal character and within the scope of all of us. No matter what our station in life may be, no matter what our intellectual capacities are, we can take definite strides in a certain direction and make a genuine contribution to the Work we have at heart. So it may be asked along what line can this increased force or power to help be found, and the answer is, it is to be found in "greater self-giving and more devoted service".

A study of the sacred books and writings of the ages will show a singular unanimity regarding spiritual growth and development, and this is really as it should be, for the Path, in one sense, is the same for all who would tread it. The neophyte or disciple of whatever land or race, has to give himself to the Cause, to the Teacher he would follow, at the expense of personal comfort, inclination or desire; at the cost of moulded thought and cherished opinion. In this connection let us consider for a moment the message of H. P. B. which Mr. William Kingsland has appropriately placed on the dedication page of his admirable book, *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*. It reads as follows:—

"There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind—but yet a road; and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte for evermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer. There is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through. There is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onwards, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and save humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come."

We can see at once that this message is definite and clear; it is the embodiment of self-giving, and an epitome of the life of H. P. B. herself. It is something to know that there is a road, a path, and that it leads to some definite place or state of attainment, even if it is beset with perils of every kind. There is so much shifting sand nowadays in the way of life and belief, that the solid rock of spiritual achievement is worth all that it costs. Doubtless this path has been there for all time, but how many have had the vision and courage to follow it! Did not Jesus say, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it"? We have just had a glimpse of self-giving and its importance, in a broad and general way, through those

words of H. P. B., but we need to consider it more closely, that we may be able to arrive at some better understanding of the scope of the personal application. There are various means by which we can give, but they are not necessarily self-giving. We may give our time, but that we may be thought well of by others; we may give our money, but without love or sympathy; we may give our work, but that we may be known of men. So it is well if in our earlier years of aspiration and inquiry, we see the importance of disinterested effort and purity of motive. In proportion to our aspiration and exercise of will, we come to a point where self-giving has an opportunity of being more definitely manifested; and while this may be but the *beginning* of a newer, deeper, freer life altogether, it is a step or decision which can bring with it, at the outset, peace and contentment in these days of turmoil and unrest. Self-giving, at this stage, may be more from the position of a comparatively enlightened faith and trust than from an actual knowledge of the wisdom of the step, but nevertheless that is the order of procedure. We must first have faith that the Master is there before we can contact Him. Some clearer idea of this step may be gained from the following sentences taken from Mr. Johnston's *Parables of the Kingdom:*—

"To love one's life, to gain success; this is unquestionably the gospel of the day; yet we find Jesus pointing us in exactly the opposite direction. We cannot serve God and mammon; he that loves his life shall lose it. . . . Let us suppose that the right choice is made; that faith in divine law outweighs calculation or natural law, that the seeker boldly launches his boat upon the waves. He determines that his life, whatever may be given to him to live, shall be devoted to divine law, to obedience to divine commands; that this is his purpose, this his success. . . . If the choice be thus made, certain results will immediately follow. Faith will make way for knowledge; instead of believing that there is a divine law, which will support the conduct of his life, he knows this law; he rests in a power which touches him from above. . . . For him, it is a matter, not of theory, but of experience."

Once having taken this step, having placed our life and its circumstances under divine law and guidance, we find that we are freer to deal with the more intimate and subtle barriers in the way of self-giving. We realize more fully how the Mind *is* the great Slayer (or perverter) of the Real. As we set out to "live the life" in positive earnest, we should face the fact from the start that certain definite consequences are bound to ensue. We are striving to be of some account in the world, i. e. to be of some use to the spiritual forces for good. Consequently we meet with the opposition of the forces for evil,—and not merely from the outside world, but from the lower aspect of our own dual natures. Here is the battle-ground and warfare. Here we put ourselves to the test, and it remains to be seen if we can keep our poise and balance under the strain. There is, however, the other side of the picture. If we incur the opposition of the Black Lodge, we also draw to ourselves the support of the White Lodge and their Agents. Perhaps it should be stated at this point that The Theosophical Society is an avenue whereby we can pass from one stage of development to

another; and so, from humble neophyte reaching up to things in a general and abstract way, we can reach the stages that are more definite and concrete in their relationship to the Masters and their Associates. It has often been said that to know our Master we must be like him; and, therefore, it is a path of likeness the would-be disciple sets out to follow, which is by no means easy, as we shall see. But what things that are worth while are easy? And what of the difficulties, when we know that they *can* be surmounted and victory achieved? Such thoughts encourage and strengthen, as nothing else can, for the tasks that lie before us.

We are all familiar with the saying, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"; so it is that the heart must be set on the treasure in heaven, on spiritual things, to make any definite headway; in fact until this is accomplished the life of the aspirant will be one of conflicting purposes—the tendency to service at one hour and the impulse to self-indulgence at the next: and at this rate—where we build up with one hand and pull down with the other—the spiritual edifice will take a long time in erecting.

In a wonderful book that tells of the Gates of Gold there are a few lines that may be of use to us now, and they are these:—

"Strength to step forward is the primary need of him who has chosen his path. Where is this to be found? Looking round, it is not hard to see where other men find their strength. Its source is profound conviction.

"The man who is strong, who has resolved to find the unknown path, takes with the utmost care every step. He utters no idle word, he does no unconsidered action, he neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult."

As other men find their strength in profound conviction, so the would-be disciple will do the same; in fact he must have an unshakable confidence that there *is* a definite, if unknown path, and that he has the ability to follow it. It is not likely that we should find on the back of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, in reference to the Society: "And lastly it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this,"—were it not possible to arrive at some attainment in this direction.

So we begin to approach details when we see that the man who has resolved to find the unknown path takes with the utmost care every step; that he utters no idle word, does no unconsidered action, neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult. And it should be patent that such a course of life must be one in which self-giving plays a prominent part; in fact *the* part before we can be of any real service to mankind. If we have a burning desire to serve, that of itself will bring us to the point where we determine to give ourselves, whole-heartedly and delightedly, to our Master. As we do this we place ourselves in a position more fully to co-operate with his plan for us. When we desire what the Master desires, the lower mind is gradually directed and transformed by the higher mind, the Soul, and we are on the road to evolving a truer and more definite personality. But the lower mind does not readily

take second place, for our consciousness has not been centred in the spiritual; and it is not easy to take with care every step, to utter no idle word, to do no unconsidered action. We find that it is not easy to extricate ourselves from the meshes in which the mind is entangled, and we must take advantage of all we can, to keep it at the standard we want. Resolution, fixed and persistent, can purify and elevate to a large extent. As we put our weight into it we make it possible for ourselves to be helped in ways we dream not of. As our faith and trust enlarge, we draw nearer to the day when they become knowledge at first hand, and we go along the way of becoming, at our own pace. If we burn to serve, to give, the personality will be subject to intense heat; but the dross and scum will be the more quickly separated from the gold, and a measure of preparation sooner attained for the life that is life indeed. We can, with profit, contemplate a life that radiates love and understanding and is free from pride and vanity, egotism and selfishness in all its forms, and such contemplation should nerve us to action and make us strong, for thought that is not embodied is weakening.

As we go along the uphill road we find there are many problems and obstacles of the mind and heart to deal with, as instanced by Jasper Niemand, who says that "the disciple should avoid all crystallization—that great danger of the disciple". We should therefore endeavour to keep an open mind, ever ready to learn and unlearn as the lessons necessitate. This will help to widen our vision and enable us to distinguish the Immortal from the mortal. We shall find that there can be no standing still; we must either move forward or backward. If we are content to remain as we are, what better are we than those who do so with less light? So to grow, to evolve in the right way—and there is a right and a wrong way—we must be alert in embodying the light we already possess.

From another aspect there is a problem that may confront us which is splendidly illustrated in the case of the young man who came to Jesus asking what he should do to inherit eternal life; he was told to sell all that he had and give to the poor and then "Come and follow me"; and it is said that he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. We may give much, but we make reservations; we keep back a part of ourselves—often in the form of ideas, which we consider valuable. Only as we give ourselves wholly can we be really effective in any undertaking, or be in a position to profit fully by a Master's instruction. There is a saying of Jesus referring to detachment that clearly puts the case:—"Lovest thou me more than these?" It would seem that the rich young man was attached to his material possessions, and consequently loth to part with such a position and all that it implied. We must not, however, assume that spiritual development necessarily means material poverty, though it would seem to be true that there are very few people who could stand sudden riches, human nature being what it is. Whilst, then, it might have been a necessity for the rich young man, there may be times and circumstances when other conditions prevail: and this is not to be unmindful of the further statement of Jesus on that occasion when he said:—

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

We may well observe that the Master did not say that it was impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but that it was very difficult. So it is not that we are to jump out of the station of life in which we are placed, but that we are to use that position wisely, and to do the work that lies in it in a disinterested and detached manner.

There is another point of view, and there are doubtless others, from which self-giving is particularly valuable and important: as we give ourselves to the Master for the purpose of instruction and guidance, our self-surrender can be made good use of. And it should be said here that our self-surrender by no means does away with will and initiative. We are free at each moment to act as we choose. The Master may suggest and counsel, but the decisions rest with us; we are not dwarfed or belittled, but have ample scope for growth and development. In this way one God-like power brings or draws forth others: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me".

Self-surrender is the means whereby our Master can bring about in earthly life a more definite manifestation of the spiritual forces for good. As someone says:—

"And even a little faith and love give to the Masters the fulcrum on which They can plant the lever by which the world can be moved." As we give ourselves to the Master we realize that there can be no compromise with evil, whether in the world outside or within ourselves. Thus we gain strength and stability by standing up boldly for what we feel to be right on the one hand, and by giving our personalities no quarter when lower thoughts and tendencies assail us, on the other. On this question of compromise we may well refer to the splendid example of the late Duke of Northumberland, and we should be glad that even outside the ranks of the Society there are those who have the vision and courage to manifest such principles. A few lines about the late Duke from a local newspaper, dated Saturday, August 23rd, may not be unworthy of our attention. They read:—

"To-day the North of England—and indeed the whole country—mourns the passing of a powerful personality—the Duke of Northumberland. He was a man of character and determination, honest in his convictions and unflinching. Having thought out a line of action, he never turned back. That was why he was admired by friend and opponent alike. In an age when compromise is regarded as the easiest solution of any problem, the Duke of Northumberland would have none of it. He felt it was his mission to speak out, to enter into controversies, and to make his fellow-countrymen think. . . . In these days we need the Percy tradition of courage and that is why his passing is a real loss to the nation."

In our desire to work, to serve, it will be clear that we each have our own problems and obstacles, but whatever they are the same effort of direction is required. We need to place ourselves more definitely on the altar of sacrifice,

and perhaps it is needless to say that this is no pedestal, nor an opportunity to congratulate ourselves, for we are really giving up the lesser for the greater. It is doubtless being borne in on us that we do not need to go out into the highways and by-ways to make self-giving the point of our lives. And should it not be a matter of thankfulness that this is so? If in the sphere of our own private lives we can eliminate impatience, ill-temper, cowardice, vanity, jealousy, self-indulgence and all uncharitableness, by cultivating their opposites, we are making definite contributions to the Cause we seek to serve. So much can be done in a quiet, steady, unobtrusive way; for neither self-giving nor self-conquest require the noise and publicity of the market place; it is not that we are afraid of the outside world but that our work lies where souls are ready. Someone says:—

"When one thinks of what all the Leaders of the Movement (Masters) have done and are doing, one bows in adoration of their patience and love for us ineffectual creatures. It is true that the way is long, but we ourselves make it so, for lack of the burning fiery faith which removes the mountains of our opposition. We just do not see it, and yet it is only round the corner, and we will not turn our eyes to it while They hold out their hands to welcome us and plead, 'Oh why *will* ye die'."

With these thoughts in mind, then, we can renew our strength and do something definite for the spiritual welfare of mankind; we can make a real contribution to the Cause of Brotherhood in the world, and strive on to that goal of perfection and service referred to by Jesus when he said:—

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

E. Howard Lincoln.

Whether a bird's foot be tied by a tiny thread or a heavy cord, matters little; it is not possible for him to fly until he has broken it. Thus it is with the attachments of the soul.—St. John of the Cross.

The Buddha said:

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.—Dhammapada.

AN OUTLINE FOR PERSONAL EXPERIMENTATION

THERE are those who take the view that man has evolved from the animal, and that his nature, therefore, is purely animalistic. As opposed to them there are others who claim that man is a divine creature, and that his nature, therefore, is purely spiritual.

Basing her statements on a knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom, Madame Blavatsky shows that neither view is entirely right or entirely wrong. She shows that these two natures have come together in man, and that between them, within man, there is constant conflict for supremacy. Further, she shows that this conflict will continue until the divine, or higher nature, gains complete supremacy and uses the animal, or lower nature, as a vehicle for acting out the divine will while in corporeal existence. In other words, she shows that it is of first importance for man to learn to know himself. This is the view that has been held by the sages of all time.

Since time immemorial, sages have said that man's first experiment in the Sacred Science must be made on himself. Before he can hope to penetrate beneath the mere surface of his surroundings, he must have arrived at some understanding of the two natures within him, the lower and the higher, or, as they are sometimes called, the personality and the individuality. That is, man must develop within himself the science of conscience as opposed to the science of physical things; and the first requisite to such development is purification of desire.

It is not a question of discarding the personality. Man needs the personality, but needs to have it under proper discipline. That disciplining must be done here and now, and not in some far off and hazy heaven. Mr. Judge has said that immortality must be gained during life, as what is required is a threefold development of body, soul and spirit. The method necessary is twofold, purification and exfoliation. Purification must come first, as it is only through the purified personality that the exfoliation can take place. There is, therefore, complete agreement between the view held by the sages of old, and that held by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, as to the necessity of man's learning to know himself if he would know the world around him.

Mr. Judge carries this same view into what he writes on the subject of chêlaship, making it clear that chêlas are not made. He states that "we *become* chêlas," and that it is essential for the aspirant to gain the ability "to stand *alone* and uninfluenced by other men and events". Obviously, no such ability is possible so long as man lives according to his inclinations. That the ordinary man does so live, or tries so to live, is apparent on every side; and therefore the

first step in the pathway to chêlaship is the conquest of personal desires. *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History* and the *Elixir of Life* both stress the importance to man of freeing himself from the dominance of his inclinations.

In the former work it is stated that man must rid himself of the following inclinations "in the order of their materiality: first, avarice, then fear, then envy, worldly pride, uncharitableness, hatred, ambition, and last of all, curiosity—intellectual greed". In the *Elixir of Life* these inclinations are mentioned in the same order, the importance of getting rid of them being emphasized as follows: "To get rid of the inward desire is the essential thing. . . . The 'basest' inclinations must go first, then the others. . . . The strengthening of the more ethereal and so-called 'spiritual' parts of man must go on at the same time." Here are two authorities, then, in which the same list of inclinations is given. It would seem that they must offer a good working basis on which to found a "scientifically devised system of drill" for the self-discipline which it is necessary for man to impose upon himself, in making his first experiment in the Sacred Science, and for carrying forward within himself the twofold method of purification and exfoliation.

It will be seen that these inclinations are intimately connected with man's everyday desires, feelings, thoughts and pursuits, that they represent divine force which is being misapplied by man, and that they are a logical and coherent stepping-up from the most material to the less material. Hence a system of drill founded on them must be practical, must have as its object to destroy their hold, while saving and redirecting their force; and the method used against each inclination must represent a logical and coherent stepping-up of the system as a whole.

As a preface to the outline itself, it is well to point out that it is always hazardous to treat too concretely of such matters, as there is the risk that suggestions may be applied as hard and fast rules. Obviously any such outline cannot be considered a prescription for all, it must be subject to revision and modification, or be supplemented to fit individual needs; in some cases, not be used at all. Much depends upon the individual's immediate objective.

To consider, then, the inclinations man has to transmute:

Avarice—an inordinate desire for outer possessions at least equal to, if not better than, those of others. Often carried to the point of desire for the actual possessions of others, it causes man to meddle in others' affairs, and in the duties of others. "The duty of another is full of danger." One way of turning the force is by concentration on one's *own* duties—God-given opportunities. By endeavour to improve their performance, will come a better understanding of their importance and spiritual significance. This process paves the way to dealing with:

Fear. Avarice helps to sustain fear. Man is fearful of penury, of material loss, and failure of material gain, rather than of what he may find on the other side of Jordan. Fearful of losing this life, his fear is concerned with things of the lower self. Hence comes the saying, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Yet man must give the god in him a chance. The god in man is

not subject to time, but fear in man is subject to time. Overcoming time, man overcomes fear. By refusing to live in the three times, neither in the past, nor the present, nor the future, but in "the Eternal", as *Light on the Path* bids us, man lives more as the god within him dictates, and places this force more wholly in the world of the god within him.

Envy. Avarice and fear have to do with outer possessions; envy is concerned with less material or more inner possessions. It is manifest in chagrin or discomfort over the excellence of another. It is a more interior feeling. Envy is rank poison. Putting it on the lowest ground of self-interest, the aspirant being a seeker after knowledge, should welcome the excellence of another, since he can learn through another's excellence. He should rejoice over it, and by continued rejoicing over others' excellence, he may not only help others, but may turn the force from manifesting as envy, and thus open the way better to deal with:

Worldly pride. Politicians and actors are examples of worldly pride. They seek and live on the approbation of the world. To them the world's opinion is final, surrounded as they are by the glamour of the world. When the hold of avarice, fear and envy is weakened, then the world's opinion counts for less. Humility is the primary requisite for chêlaship. The aspirant should desire to appear as nothing in the eyes of the world, "to grow as the flower", and thus turn the force in worldly pride, back to the centre being built within himself, to the god within.

Uncharitableness. Through meditation, and self-examination based on the inclinations already considered, the aspirant begins to know himself better. The meaning of charity often is misunderstood. The saying, "charity begins at home", with oneself, is not a selfish doctrine, for, to be charitable, man must be firm and uncompromising with himself. "Man know thyself." Through knowing himself, man grows more charitable to the weaknesses of others. One way of turning force by applying charity, is to begin at home.

Hatred. There is a contrast between personal hatred, or animosity, and hatred based upon principle. Personal hatred is mean and small. Through the conquest of the previously indicated inclinations, man should have gained the ability to distinguish between the two. Mindful of the higher and truer centre growing up within him, man should apply first to himself the hatred which is based upon the simple principle of right and wrong. All that is wrong in the lower nature must be hated and blasted out, for the reason that it is opposed to the higher centre. "He that is not with me, is against me."

Ambition. The sense of separateness is weakened, and the sense of union is strengthened, as the force is turned to the god within by weakening the more material inclinations. The god within is gaining power, and is able to assert himself and to help the aspirant to "work as those work who are ambitious". Thus, force can be utilized "to work for the work's sake", and to strengthen the god within. The system leads naturally to the last and least material inclination listed:

Curiosity, often termed intellectual greed. It is prevalent to-day, as Manas

is being developed without being freed from the dominance of unpurified Kama. A scientifically devised system of drill is necessary to draw the force of Kama back and upward toward the god within, away from the lower self toward the higher self, toward Buddhi. All these inclinations operate from a common base, the Kama Rupa. As force is turned from manifesting as inclination, the Kama Rupa is weakened and the new and higher centre nourished and strengthened. The knowledge so acquired is used by Manas, guided by Buddhi instead of Kama; instead of intellectual greed, a centre of real understanding is built up.

This completes the outline.

It is significant that in the *Elixir of Life*, immediately following this list of inclinations to be abandoned so that desire may be purified, there is given a definition of meditation: "Meditation is the inexpressible yearning of the inner *man* 'to go out toward the infinite'." Man's *yearning*, his *upward desiring*, is the purified force of Kama, of desire, turned back toward its source, to divine will, to Buddhi.

The disciplinary method exists not by itself nor for itself alone. Concomitant with meditation, it is the way by which consciousness is elevated and exfoliation is achieved. It is the *only* way by which aspirants become chêlas.

G. M. W. K.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.—THOREAU.

Remember that virtue does not consist in making fine resolutions, nor in saying fine words, but in bringing them into effect.—MARGUERITE-MARIE.

Of nothing can we be more sure than this: that, if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other.—MARTINEAU.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART VI, SECTION 2

KING PRAVAHANA, SON OF JIVALA

THE passage to be translated is one of the few that occur more than once in the great Upanishads. The closely parallel version in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* has already been translated. For the repetition of the story of King Pravahana, son of Jivala, and the two Brahmans, father and son, there is ample justification, for this narrative contains the key to the spiritual history of India throughout millenniums; it further contains a vitally important suggestion as to the spiritual destiny of India through future ages.

The dramatic movement of the story is rapid and full of interest. First to be named of the persons of the drama is Shvetaketu, a Brahman youth; of him we are told, in a famous passage of the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, that he had committed to memory the verses of the three Vedas, the Rig, the Yajur and the Sama, so that he could intone any text that was asked for. We are also told that he was conceited, vain of his learning and proud. One who was critical of the Brahmans throughout the millenniums of their history, would be inclined to say that Shvetaketu is the great exemplar and antetype of one aspect of that gifted hierarchy; and it is worth noting that in the records of the Buddha, greatest of the Rajput race, there are many portraits of young Brahmans who bear the strongest family likeness to Shvetaketu, conceited, vain of his learning and proud.

Shvetaketu, thus mentally and morally equipped, presented himself at the assembly of the Panchalas, who were of the Rajput race. King Pravahana, son of Jivala, was seated in the midst of his followers, who were in all likelihood his disciples, since he was a Master of the Secret Wisdom. After he had greeted the young Brahman, King Pravahana asked him whether he had been instructed in the teaching by his father. Over-confidently, the youth declared that he had been instructed. King Pravahana then asked him a series of questions, concerning which the comment of the youthful Brahman, when he had returned crestfallen to his father, was this:

"This Rajanya fellow has asked me five questions, and I do not know one of them!"

To begin with, it is evident that Shvetaketu did not well consider and ponder over the questions that were put to him, for, with the exception of the last, the group of questions imply their own answers. Thus the first question, as to the diverging paths on which beings proceed on going forth from this world at death, is really answered by the fourth question. For the diverging paths are the path of the gods and the path of the fathers, by which goes all that moves

between father heaven and mother earth. In like manner the answer to the question why the other world is not filled to overflowing by the souls that go thither incessantly, is because they come to this world again. Therefore we are here concerned with the teaching of rebirth, or reincarnation.

But, one may ask, if Shvetaketu had been instructed in the teachings which were known to his father, if he had learned by heart and could recite the verses of the three Vedas, Rig, Yajur and Sama, how is it possible that he did not at once recognize this transparent allusion to the teaching of rebirth, or reincarnation?

The answer is at once simple and significant. Nowhere in the Vedic hymns is there any reference to reincarnation. Whatever else these hymns contain, they do not contain the teaching of rebirth. They imply, rather, another world, ghostly and filled with mist, such as is depicted in the Babylonian hymns; a world in which the ghosts or spirits of the ancestors are dependent for their cheerless continuance on the offerings of food made to them by their descendants, offerings of rice-cakes, whole or in fragments, and libations of water. To the nine ancestors in the ascending series these offerings were regularly made. After the ninth generation, the ghostly ancestors appear to fade away into forgetfulness and oblivion. We are nowhere told what becomes of them. They simply disappear from sight. To this day, this reverence for ancestors, shown by periodical offerings to their ghosts, is the practical religion of the Brahmans, the foundation on which is built their whole system of family law. The central religious fact is the offering of the rice and water to the ghosts of the dead; but this offering must be made by the spiritual representative, in the direct line of descent. As a result, whoever is declared by the Brahman family priest to be entitled to make the offering, is thereby announced to be the principal heir of the estate, which he administers primarily in order to assure the continuance of the necessary periodical offerings. Where there is no son to make these offerings, a son may be adopted, according to certain intricate rules, of which the Brahman priests are once more the arbiters. Further, the anxious desire for a son who shall make the offerings, and thereby secure the well-being of the soul in the next world, is the main cause of those too early marriages which are responsible for many of India's woes, including over-population and heavy infant mortality.

But the questions of King Pravahana implied something besides the teaching of rebirth, or reincarnation. This teaching, in itself, and materialistically understood, as it often is in the Orient to-day, is hardly more inspiriting or illumining than the earlier and very widely held belief in the Babylonian underworld of mist. Perpetually repeated births lead nowhere, and are without purpose, without inspiration. The answer to this difficulty is, that the teaching of reincarnation is only half the complete doctrine, and the lower half. There is also the splendid teaching of divine rebirth, of spiritual liberation and attainment, the teaching which the Buddha named the way of Nirvana, and which is here finely called the path of the gods. The path of the gods is the spiritual side of the teaching, while the way of reincarnation is the material side. For this reason, they are also called the path of the sun and the path of the moon; the way

of reincarnation being connected with the lunar *pitris*, as the way of liberation is connected with solar divinities.

Shvetaketu's father, called in other passages Uddalaka, grandson of Aruna, belonged to a tribe of Brahmans called the Gotamas. There was a tribe or clan of the same name among the Rajanyas, or Rajputs, who to this day dominate Western India, and to this tribe Prince Siddhartha, who is known as the Buddha, belonged. But no kinship is implied by the identity of name. There is a difference, not of caste only—that is, of social standing and of occupation—between Rajput and Brahman; there is further a profound difference of race. There is in fact a difference in "colour," as the Sanskrit word *varna*, translated "caste," really means. The evidence on this point falls naturally into two parts: first, the proof that the Rajputs of to-day are ethnically distinct from the Brahmans of pure stock, the Rajputs being a red, ruddy or copper-coloured race, while the Brahmans are white-skinned, the two races being further distinguished by skull-form, stature, and the other qualities which make for race-difference. The descent of the pure-blooded Rajput of to-day from the Rajanya of two thousand years ago is unquestioned, as is the race-continuity of the pure-blooded Brahman. This brings us to the second part of our evidence: the fact that the race-difference between Rajanya and Brahman was recognized in India more than two thousand years ago; and that precisely the difference in colour which we have described, was hit on as a distinguishing character. There are, besides the red Rajput and the white Brahman, two other ancient race-stocks in India distinguished by colour: namely, the yellow races, generally called Kolarian, such as the Santals of Bengal and the Savaras of Madras; and the black Dravidian races of the south, whose languages are Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and the rest of the Dravidian family. The yellow races seem to have inherited from a remote time the culture of rice and silk, which are so characteristic of the yellow race in China; and the black races, the Dravidians, have remarkable skill in handicrafts, in building, in metal work, and so on, the temples of Madura and other southern cities being among the wonders of the world.

Keeping this position of the four races or "colours" in mind, we are in a position to see the absolute accuracy of the following passage from the *Mahabharata*, in the Shantiparvan, beginning at verse 6934:

"The colour (*varna*) of the Brahman was white, that of the Kshatriyas red, that of the Vaishyas yellow, that of the Shudras black. . . . This world, having been at first created by Brahma entirely Brahmanic, became separated into colour in consequence of works. Those twice-born men who were fond of sensual pleasure, fiery, irascible, prone to violence, who had forsaken their duty, and were red-limbed, came into the condition of Kshatriyas.

"Those twice-born who derived their livelihood from kine, who were yellow, who subsisted by agriculture, and who neglected to practise their duties, entered into the state of Vaishyas. Those twice-born who were addicted to mischief and falsehood, who were covetous, who lived by all kinds of work, who were black and had fallen from purity, sank into the condition of Shudras."

The two words used to describe the skin-colour of the military race, the

Kshatriyas, in this passage, *lohita* ("red") and *rakta-anga* ("red-limbed"), are admitted by the highest authorities to be accurately descriptive of the skin-colour of the military race of Rajputs at the present day. It would seem, therefore, that we have a conclusive demonstration of the true relation of the "castes"; they are really, what the Sanskrit word means, "colours", the colours of four distinct races, white, red, yellow and black as we find them in India to-day, and as they must have been when the balance of power between the four races, which is called the Chaturvarnya, or "Four-colour system," was first struck in that admirably durable polity which finds its most famous expression in Manu's Laws. The two fundamental principles of this polity were first, that each race must remain distinct, of pure blood, intermarriage being heavily penalized; and, secondly, that each race should perform, in the state, those functions for which it was fitted by physical character and moral development. Both principles are thoroughly sound and wise; and to their wisdom was due the long duration of the "four-colour system," in India.

It will be noted that the passage cited from the *Mahabharata* is obviously from the point of view of the Brahmans. To bring this out, one may contrast it with a certain discourse of the Buddha, the *Sultanta of the First Things*, the purpose of which is to show that the Rajanyas, or Rajputs, are nobler and more ancient than the Brahmans.

There is yet another difference, which the Buddha, delivering a popular discourse, did not mention, though it was well known to him, since he exemplified it in his person. This is, that the Rajanyas were in possession of the teaching and practice of the Greater Mysteries, while the Brahmans were not, though they had long been in possession of the Three Vedas. The essence of the story of the Rajput King Pravahana, and the Brahman father and son is, that it clearly and explicitly records the occasion on which a Rajput Master first imparted to a Brahman disciple something of the tradition of the Greater Mysteries. But, before King Pravahana thus imparted the tradition, he insisted that the older Brahman should seek to become his disciple according to the time-honoured rite. He further subjected him to a test of sincerity, detachment and aspiration, once again according to the sacramental formula, which is given in the Dialogue of Yama and Nachiketas:

"Choose sons and grandsons of a hundred years, and much cattle, and elephants and gold and horses. Choose the great abode of the earth, and for thyself live as many autumns as thou wilt.

"If thou thinkest this an equal wish, choose wealth and length of days. Be thou mighty in the world, O Nachiketas; I make thee an enjoyer of thy desires.

"Whatever desires are difficult to gain in the mortal world, ask all desires according to thy will.

"These beauties with their chariots and lutes—not such as these are to be won by men—be waited on by them, my gifts. Ask me not of death, Nachiketas!"

Both this and the test of the older Brahman,—"Store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and tapestries and robes,"—have their parallel in the Temptation in the Wilderness.

One point remains. The older Brahman specifically asked for the answers of the questions which had been put to his vain son, Shvetaketu. But King Pravahana makes no allusion either to questions or to answers. How is this omission to be explained?

The explanation is simple. The five questions refer, as we have seen, to the substance of the Greater Mysteries, and in particular, to the problem, how an aspirant for immortality may pass from the ceaseless round of reincarnation to the spiritual sunlight of the way of liberation.

The teaching imparted by King Pravahana to the older Brahman equally refers to the teaching of the Greater Mysteries, but, while necessarily clothed in symbols, it is somewhat fuller, giving, in addition to what was implied in the five questions, an outline of the teaching of emanation, the evolution of the descending worlds, or planes, from the One Eternal. For simplicity, only three planes are mentioned: the celestial world, the mid-world, the earthly world. But, even in this outline, certain things are made clear. First, that each stage of emanation, or evolution, is a sacrifice; second, that the process is not one of a self-unfolding mechanism, as many men of science teach to-day, but, on the contrary, that every stage is guided and presided over by divine powers, the Radiant Beings, of the text, who are elsewhere called Planetary Spirits.

The whole process culminates in man, whose biography is summarized thus: "He lives his life-span, and then he dies."

Then comes the fulfilment of the king's promise. He gives the older Brahman, now his tested disciple, another version of the two paths, path of the gods and path of the fathers, with slightly different but entirely consistent symbols. The path of the gods leads to spiritual rebirth and liberation. The path of the fathers leads to reincarnation.

It is as though there were an ascending series of planes, each with its positive pole, and each with its negative pole. The strong soul goes from one positive pole to the next, till he reaches the realm of Brahma. The weak soul, drawn to the negative poles, returns to this world.

RAJANYA AND BRAHMAN

Shvetaketu, verily, Aruna's grandson, came to the assembly of the Panchala nation. He came to Pravahana, son of Jivala, who was attended by his followers. Looking up at him, the king addressed him:

"Youth!" said he.

"Sir!" he replied.

"Hast thou received the teaching from thy father?"

"Yes!" he said.

"Knowest thou how these beings, going forth from this world, proceed on different paths?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou how they come back to this world again?"

"No!" he said.

"Knowest thou how that world is not filled up by the many going thither again and again?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou at which sacrifice being sacrificed, the waters, rising up, speak with human voice?"

"No!" said he.

"Knowest thou the approach of the path of the gods, or of the path of the fathers, or by doing what they approach the path of the gods or the path of the fathers: as the word of the Rishi has been heard by us:

" 'Two ways I heard of, for mortals, the way of the fathers and
the way of the gods.
By them goes all that moves, between father heaven and mother
earth.' "

"No!" said he; "I do not know even one of them."

The king invited him to remain as his pupil. Not consenting to remain, he ran away to his father. He said to him:

"Forsooth, Sir, thou didst say that we had received the teaching!"

"How now, wise one?" he answered.

"This Rajanya fellow has asked me five questions, and I do not know one of them!"

"What were they?" said he.

"These!" said he, and he enumerated them.

His father said:

"Thou knowest us thus, dear, that whatever I know, I told it all to thee! But come, let us two set forth thither, and dwell as pupils with the king!"

"Go yourself, Sir!" said he.

That descendant of Gotama went to where Pravahana, son of Jivala, was. To him offering a seat, the king caused water to be offered. He made him the offering. To him the king said:

"We give a wish to the worshipful descendant of the Gotamas."

He said:

"This wish is promised to me: the speech that thou didst speak in the presence of the boy, tell me that!"

The king said:

"That, O descendant of the Gotamas, is among the wishes of the gods. Say a wish of men!"

He said:

"It is well known! There is store of gold, of cattle and horses, of slave-girls and tapestries and robes! May the Master not be niggardly toward us, in that which is great, infinite, illimitable!"

The king said: "This wish, descendant of the Gotamas, must be sought according to rule."

"I offer myself as thy pupil!" said he. For with this word the men of old betook them to a Master. He therefore dwelt there, thus becoming his disciple.

The king said to him:

"Therefore, O descendant of the Gotamas, be thou without reproach toward us, thou and thy forefathers: since this teaching never before dwelt in any Brahman, but to thee I shall declare it, for who has the right to refuse thee, speaking thus!"

He said:

"That world, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. Of it, the sun truly is as the fuel; the rays of light are as the smoke; day is as the flame; the regions of the heavens are as the embers; the lesser regions are as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire the Radiant Beings offer faith. From this oblation Soma Raja arises.

"The cloud of watery vapour, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. Of it, the year is as the fuel; the thunder clouds are as the smoke; the lightning is as the flame; the thunderbolts are as the embers; the hail-stones are as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire the Radiant Beings offer Soma Raja. From this oblation rain arises.

"This world, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. Of it, the earth is as the fuel; the fire is as the fuel; the night is as the flame; the moon is as the embers; the stars are as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire the Radiant Beings offer the rain. From this oblation food arises.

"The union of parents, verily, is as a sacrificial fire, O descendant of the Gotamas. The lips opened in breathing are as the fuel; the life-breath is as the smoke; vision is as the embers; hearing is as the sparks. In this sacrificial fire of union the Radiant Beings offer the food. From this oblation the new-born being arises. He lives his full life-span, and then he dies, and they take him to the pyre. . . . In this fire the bright powers offer the man, and from that sacrifice the man is born, of the colour of the sun.

"They who know this thus, and they who, in the forest, follow faith and truth, they are born into the flame, from the flame they go to the day, from the day to the waxing moon, from the waxing moon to the six months in which the sun goes north, from these months to the Deva-world, from the Deva-world to the sun, from the sun to the lightning; them, reaching the lightning, a person, mind-born, coming, leads to the worlds of the Eternal. They dwell in those worlds of the Eternal, in the highest realms; for them there is no return.

"But they who win worlds by sacrifice, gifts, penance, they are born into the smoke of the pyre, from the smoke they go to the night, from the night to the waning moon; from the waning moon to the six months in which the sun goes south, from these months to the world of the fathers, from the world of the fathers to the moon. They, reaching the moon, become food. The gods feast on them, as they wax and wane, like the lunar lord. Then, going full circle, they descend to this ether, from the ether to the air, from the air to rain, from rain to the earth; reaching the earth, they become food. Again they are sacrificed in the fire of man and the fire of woman, and are reborn, coming forth again to the world of men. Thus, verily, they go on their circling way."

C. J.

(*To be continued*)

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Ancient had something on his mind. As soon as we were seated, he asked: "In what frame of mind would you like to die? Do you wish to go as a soul set free from prison, with boundless joy? Or, like an arrow from the bow to the feet of your Master, there to pour yourself out in love and worship and in bitter tears—tears for all the failures of your life? It is for each to decide; but, having imagined, it would be folly to wait for death. The process of going to sleep at night, and every meditation, should begin with the same act, with a rehearsal of that supreme return,—but with more than a rehearsal, for, in terms of thought, imagination, desire and feeling, it should be done in fact, just as at death, except for lack of finality. We who were born in Occidental bodies, have inherited the fixed idea that heaven is a future state, and that a great gulf is fixed between embodied and disembodied consciousness. Even some students of Theosophy are crushed by that obsession, in as much as they persist in thinking of the inner reality as foreign to their every-day condition. They seem unable to realize that their normal state is a blend, and that all they need to do is to disentangle themselves as it were, separating the better from the worse, and firmly identifying the 'I' with the better, not only in thought, but above all in will and deed. Any honest and determined effort to do that consistently, and for a sufficient period of time, would give them a sense of the spiritual world as more real than this world, as 'at hand' instead of as far off,—and the sense of it would be followed by vivid perception and experience. As H. P. B. said, it is the mind that slays the real,—the mind with its arguments and separations and everlasting inspection of itself and its own content. If you want an exact image of what the mind is not, think of the flight of an arrow from the bow! However, my immediate point is that whatever we desire at the time of death, we not only can but should experience now, in some measure at least. Further, I doubt very much if we shall be able to do anything then, unless we have made it a habit during our stay here. States of consciousness are cultivations; they do not sprout over-night, out of nothing. Reincarnation shows us that even inherited tendencies, such as states of great mental depression or of optimism, are the result of our own cultivation in previous lives. How can we experience joy in heaven unless we have given it a place in our hearts, and have nourished it, here on earth!"

"I am not so sure that I want joy in heaven", the Student commented, laughing. "Too much depends upon the kind of joy. There are many people who go out of this world with an established inner conviction that, if not quite perfect, they are on such good terms with God, or—among so-called Theosophists—with Masters, not to speak of World Teachers, Maha Chohans and similar desiderata, that the joys of heaven are their natural prerogative; and, with this

comforting anticipation, they will undoubtedly, in my opinion, for a time at least, bask in an illusion of which some would say, 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise': an abominable saying, in view of the bitter disillusionment that invariably follows bliss of that sort, whether in this world or in the other.

"When such victims of glamour die and 'go to heaven', they will be received with acclamation by the entire Lodge, and will have the feeling that at last everyone understands how right they have always been, and are; but the illusion cannot persist for ever, because the real universe is not built that way; and little by little, through the compassion of those whose names have been used as the pawns of fancy, tormenting doubts will arise, horrible doubts; until finally, suddenly, the glamour will disappear, and they will be left without guide or compass, nearer reality than they have ever been before, and yet with no real desire except to recover their lost illusions. Then re-birth—to recover them."

"Speaking of glamour", said the Philosopher, "reminds me of that very delightful article—instructive too—which appeared in the QUARTERLY exactly a year ago. It was entitled 'Glamour', if I am not mistaken, and dealt with the subject exhaustively. It is astonishing how much there is in the QUARTERLY, as well as in the old volumes of *The Path*, which can be read and re-read with enjoyment and profit. . . . You will admit, I am sure, that glamour, at times, serves very useful purposes."

"Not only admit, but insist upon it", the Student answered. "Wretched man, you have started me on one of my hobbies, and meant to do so, I suppose. That good and evil are relative terms, is a fundamental principle which every student of Theosophy would endorse, with the corollary, or preceding premise (depending upon whether you are working inductively or deductively), that they are the opposite poles of the base of an eternal triangle or trinity, with Spirit or Atma or 'X' at the apex which is superior to both, and from which both emanate. This explains, philosophically, why 'evil' is just as necessary as 'good', in the scheme of man's evolution, and how it is that what to-day are regarded as our virtues will be seen as vices when we have outgrown our present limitations."

"You mean, as I understand you, that there is no such thing as absolute or static evil, but that evil must be considered in relation to a man's stage of growth."

"Exactly. Vanity, in a child, is not evil. On the contrary, it may be the only means to produce right behaviour. Most schoolboys (and I assume the same is true of girls of a corresponding age) are governed almost entirely either by vanity or by fear. Of course there are exceptions. A sense of honour, devotion to parents and even to some teacher, a genuine love of fair-play or of truthfulness, exist occasionally and may control conduct; but this is usually among older boys. Small boys are more concerned about the opinion of their fellows than with anything else in life. The same is true of savages and all primitive peoples. Tribal law, though based on experience, is obeyed partly from vanity and partly from fear. At that stage, such motives are natural and proper, and, therefore, relatively 'good'. In the same way, ambition is vitally necessary to the vast majority of men. It is only to the very, very few that 'Kill out ambition' is said.

The average man, devoid of ambition, stagnates and rots. Even among would-be disciples, to whom the words 'Kill out ambition' were addressed, it is better and safer to discriminate as between ambitions, than to attempt at once to exterminate ambition itself. Thus, the ambition to attain or to hold place or power or the applause of men, is peculiarly vulgar and futile, while the ambition to be useful and to serve, is a necessary step, I think, toward the attainment of the less personal desire that service be rendered, no matter by whom.

"There are three (strictly speaking, seven) stages in the use of all things: first, the stage at which the thing uses us; second, the stage at which we throw off our subservience to the thing; third, the stage at which we dominate the thing and use it. This has been illustrated in terms of religious ritual: at one stage it is necessary and may be said to control the individual who, at that stage, is rightly dependent upon it; at the next stage it is of primary importance that he should escape from dependence upon it, for otherwise he ceases to grow; at the third stage, after he has become entirely indifferent to it, he can afford to turn round and use it in the service of his Master,—and for no other purpose.

" 'Sin' consists in lingering in a stage which we ought to have left behind. It is not a sin for an ordinary man to be ambitious of place and power, though, as experience shows, his ambition is likely to defeat his own ends; it is a very serious sin in a would-be disciple; it may be a virtue in a chêla because of the terrible sacrifice it would involve. In the first case, personal desire is the incentive; in the third case, the motive can only be devotion to his Master's service.

"I want to repeat that sin is the condition of remaining longer than is necessary at any given stage in our evolution. It is difficult to think of so hideous a defect as envy, serving any useful purpose; but I can imagine that many a man would pass through life with the consciousness and will of an oyster, if it were not for envy of his neighbour, or some other equally low motive, serving to galvanize him into movement.

"The same principle applies, of course, to glamour,—which proves, incidentally, how dangerous it is to destroy a man's illusions before he is ready to move away from them. It is the need and duty of the would-be disciple to escape from glamour at every point. The ordinary man needs the support of glamour as much as that of food, for the very maintenance of life. Without his superstitions and his illusions, he would be as completely lost as a rudderless ship on a stormy sea. Students of Theosophy, especially, need to keep that in mind. Some of them are far too anxious to pass on what they know, or think they know, to all and sundry, regardless of the condition of those whom they address. It is almost never right to upset a man's faith in his superstitions—never, in his religious superstitions. He must work his way through them for himself, and only when he has emerged from them can he be ready for diluted doses of the truth. It is easier to understand in the case of an African savage: the only power in the universe which restrains him from murdering scores of his fellows yearly, may be his fear that the tribal witch-doctor would 'smell him out'. In the same way, the only power which keeps some city clerk from absolute despair may be the conviction that he is a great poet, or that his wife is the most beauti-

ful woman in the world, her temper notwithstanding, or that he is a direct descendant of King Arthur, and ought to sit on the throne of England.

"I can imagine that even Masters must find it difficult to decide how much of Truth the world can stand at any given period of history. It has been said, as you know, that some among them thought that *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* revealed too much, and that the Theosophical Society itself might do more harm than good,—just for the reason that it made known the existence of the Lodge and of the Ancient Wisdom, and ran the risk of feeding babes with strong meat. It may be that some felt that the few would benefit, and that the many would not listen and therefore would not suffer, while perhaps others felt that the few could be reached—even if fewer—by other and less conspicuous means, without any risk to the many. In any case, the Society was founded, for Masters can agree to differ; more than that—seeing that, as between them, no question of right and wrong can ever be involved, but only matters of judgment —more than that, they can and do co-operate completely, in spite of initial disagreement, as one of them proved by assuming a great burden and so retrieving that which almost was lost, following Mrs. Tingley's failure."

"I agree fully", commented the Historian, "that it is dangerous to dispel the illusions of another, *prematurely;* but when it comes to escaping from one's own, I doubt if it can be done too soon at any stage of development,—that is, so long as approximations to the truth be put in their place. I do not mean, for instance, that a boy who has believed in the infallibility of his priest or minister is any better off if he loses that illusion only to replace it with a belief in the infallibility of his Professor of Physics, or with the juvenile conclusion that 'Nothing is true, so what's the use!' I am thinking chiefly of illusions about oneself. Your city clerk would be better off, in my opinion, if, instead of thinking of himself as a great poet, he were to outgrow that illusion and were to rest content with a picture of himself as a great lover of poetry. There is a type of person, by no means uncommon, who lives and dies in a world which has no relation whatever to the facts around him. His wish invariably is father to his thought. He sees what he wants to see, hears what he wants to hear, believes what he wants to believe. Only when he is personally disinterested, that is to say, only when his feelings and emotions are in no way involved—which in his case rarely happens—is he capable of a sane opinion about anything. He may be convinced that he sincerely loves the truth, but all this means is that he will cling that much the more tenaciously to his version of something that has happened, when his version, in fact, is based upon a sentence which fitted into his picture of what ought to be, to the exclusion of a hundred sentences which ran counter to his wishes, or which were uncomplimentary, or which in any case were not what he wanted to hear. He will swear, with entire sincerity, that he was instructed to do so-and-so, when he had been categorically forbidden to do it, and will feel betrayed and outraged when his asseverations are disputed. You meet with this rather frequently among children whose imaginations are over-developed, but while many such children outgrow their abnormality, sometimes becoming extreme in their literalness, others, in this respect, never grow up, and continue,

for as long as they live, the despair of their friends and the easy prey of their enemies: they are the victims, if you choose, of 'arrested development'; in any case they are the victims of moral irresponsibility, of habitual glamour. They may not be conscious and deliberate liars *now*, but I am convinced that their condition is due to persistent lying and denial of their conscience, at some time in the past, if not in this life, then in preceding lives. We create our own habits, both of thought and conduct, and heredity at most is merely a vehicle by means of which acquired characteristics find expression."

"All real lying", said the Ancient, "is the result of self-reference. When a man sees himself, in all circumstances, as the centre of the stage, when he instinctively sees things in terms of their relation to himself, either in his own eyes or in the eyes of others, he is almost certain to see them through the veil of personal desire, instead of with simplicity, as facts. Even when this does not result in lying, it means that facts do not teach him anything. Thus, if he sees a strange bird, he is not interested primarily in the bird, but in what he can get out of the bird when he retails his experience to others,—their envy, admiration or what not. Failing 'others', he will create self-satisfaction out of the incident by patting himself on the back for his quick vision or superior something else. This makes his life sterile, for obvious reasons."

"What do you people think of Companionate Marriage, the limitation of families, and all that sort of thing?" our Visitor now asked unexpectedly.

The Philosopher almost gasped, the question fitted in so well with his thesis; but the Ancient was quicker than he.

"Abominations," he said, peremptorily.

"Why?" pursued our Visitor, perhaps rather surprised by the unqualified nature of the Ancient's answer.

There was a pause. The Ancient smiled, and motioned to the Philosopher, who at once launched forth.

"Abominations? Because life on earth is not intended for play, or as a sort of holiday from heaven,—though that is what most people evidently think, seeing that they base their conduct upon that supposition. Life is intended to serve as a school in which the reincarnating Ego can develop *character*.

"Second, because all of Nature—which means, in substance, the Law of Karma in action—is a divine conspiracy to lead man to what is intended as his goal, that is, to union with the Higher Self; and because anything which deliberately interferes with that process, is a form of Black Magic.

"Marriage, monogamous marriage, is one of the few right responses which man has made, in the course of evolution, to Nature's plan for him. Its real though hidden purpose is to help him to conquer his selfishness, which is colossal. There are marriages made in heaven, and there are marriages made on earth, and they are as far apart as the poles; but no one can dispute the fact that both kinds of marriage make a tremendous demand on the unselfishness of the two people involved. In most cases, they are led into it by Nature's glamour; they see promised joys; they do not see the assured sacrifices. If the outcome were foreseen—the long years of self-abnegation—how many marriages would take

place? The results are hidden, and Nature does this because monogamous marriage is the best and easiest way to supply the discipline man must have if he is ever to escape from his inordinate and stultifying self-seeking. There is not one man in a million who is able to discipline himself; nor is there one man in a million whose home environment, or business or profession (few are soldiers) supplies the need. It is a paramount need. If parents were perfect, and supplied the discipline while children are young, the need for discipline in later life would not be as great as it is; but we have to take things as they are. Consequently, marriage for life, with many children, is Nature's plan for man.

"Can there be any question as to what this means? The young man and the young woman, very much in love with one another, as they think, and occasionally are, go off on their honeymoon and perhaps have a blissful time. In the natural course of events, inevitable facts confront both the man and the woman before very long: they discover one another's imperfections (for who is without them?), and Nature creates a demand, on both sides, for patience, sympathy, and self-control. The woman, perhaps, does not feel well, and whatever chivalry there may be in the man is drawn upon to the limit to meet her 'unreasonableness' without recrimination. She, in her turn, struggles with herself not to be exacting or disagreeable. Then, when children arrive—which, I insist, is the only right result of marriage, and the more the better—the man finds himself tramping the floor at night, after a hard day's work, with child number three, while the exhausted mother looks after number one with the croup."

Our Visitor laughed.

"I am trying my best to state probabilities," the Philosopher protested. "If those two really love one another, there is no hardship in what I have imagined as probable. I am not trying to paint marriage in unattractive colours. It has its great compensations, as Nature intends,—that is, when unselfishness conquers; when the higher and better nature of the man and of the woman respond to the demands of their condition. I am arguing that the opportunity thus provided by Nature, is divinely ordained and intended, and that any loosening of the marriage tie or any limitation of families, is a calamity in the sight of Nature, simply because she has spiritual ends in view, while man's ends are not spiritual, but material. The last thing in the world he wants, is discipline, and the development of right character. He wants pleasure, the satisfaction of his desires, self-indulgence. That, as a rule, is why he marries. Nature demands that he be held to it, with all its consequences. He, on the contrary (women equally with men), eternally unwilling to 'take the bitter with the sweet', wants to escape the consequences, and to drop any association as soon as he has to pay for it. Because—to go back to where I left off—children become more and more difficult to provide for, and to manage, as they grow older. Parents, often, are drawn closer together by their common suffering, as children become sickly or rebellious or prove themselves inept.

"There are many parents, of course, who refuse the opportunity offered them; who farm out their children, sick or well, and who, with large families, remain

as selfish as if they had none. But in no circumstances can Nature compel right response to her stimuli; all she can do is to provide the means for growth. I am attempting to show you that Theosophy looks far beneath the surface arguments about marriage, seeing its real purpose and meaning as spiritual, in spite of, or regardless of, the purposes sought by man. Glamour is the means employed by Nature to accomplish man's salvation from himself. Easy divorce, Companionate Marriage, the limitation of families and so forth, are man's attempts to get what he wants without paying the price which Nature demands: they are the inventions of the devil,—that is, of the devils in man."

"There is no doubt in my mind", the Student commented, "that large families have many advantages where the children are concerned. In the ideal family, the mother bases her entire conduct on consideration for the father; the father bases everything on consideration for the mother; but, even so, most children pay far more attention to the opinions of slightly older children than to the example and instruction of their parents. An older sister can speak to a small boy in language he thoroughly understands. 'You horrid little boy: don't you know that mother is trying to rest? Have you *no* consideration,—clattering down-stairs in that disgraceful way!' This means something to Johnnie. He finds it humiliating that a mere girl, 'no better than she should be', as he might innocently express it to himself, should be in a position to 'jump on' him like that; and he decides not to give her another chance: he hates her too bitterly, for the moment, to be willing to give her another chance. Children do not, as a rule, find it humiliating to be reprimanded by their parents, but an older brother or sister can mortify with a word or a look,—and it is humiliation alone that grinds a lesson into the will and memory. So, when a boy of six or seven is brought up, not only by a mother and father, but by half a dozen or more older children, and also is made to feel responsible for the behaviour of others younger than he is, I think his chances on the whole are better than if he were one of a small family of two or three, especially if he be more or less tough by nature, which, so far as my observation goes, is likely to be the case. In fact, I doubt if anything will take the place of numbers, unless a child be passionately devoted to an uncommonly wise parent,—and parents of that sort are scarce."

"Do you people mean that everybody ought to marry?" asked the Beginner.

"For Heaven's sake, young man," the Philosopher expostulated, "what has been said to put such an idea in your head? I hope the wish is not father to the thought in your case. No one should marry who aspires to become a disciple. No one can serve two masters. Marriage is a *vocation*, and while the vast majority of men are called to it, or think they are, those who have a genuine vocation for military service, for art, for the religious life,—those, in other words, whose hearts are really given to *anything* which they regard as their life's true aim and purpose, are unfaithful to their first love, unfair to their second, if they try to straddle. Practically, a man needs to give *all* of his heart in one direction if he is to work effectively. Kitchener, during his years of preparation for the conquest of the Soudan, would not allow married men to serve on his staff or

in any position of importance. Concentration of purpose is impossible if the interest and attention be divided. Discipleship implies service, and service involves freedom to come and go,—freedom of mind as well as of body. On one of the lower planes of service, imagine a cook, with children dangerously ill at home, serving a dinner, desperate with anxiety, and yet, perhaps, with a strong sense of duty to her employer, and torn between these two contending appeals; and imagine her employer, her master, with invited guests, while knowing of his servant's torment. Do you not see that common decency would oblige him to send her home, and to employ some other cook, less capable perhaps, and perhaps less devoted,—but *free?* Now translate that into terms of service of Masters, into terms of chêlaship: how obvious that they simply will not use a man whose prior obligations conflict, or are likely to conflict, with what service in their uniform requires. What is true of military service is ten times more true of discipleship.

"I am not speaking of inner and more occult reasons why marriage and discipleship are inherently incompatible,—reasons which are flat and final in themselves. I am dealing with the subject on exoteric grounds only; but it seems to me that the exoteric grounds are more than sufficient to prove that no one, man or woman, who seriously desires chêlaship, would consider for one moment the possibility of marriage. If he did, it would show that he had no understanding of what chêlaship means."

"But how about people who married before they grew into a realization of their desire for chêlaship?"

"They carry a heavy handicap, even when husband and wife share that desire and work for its attainment unswervingly. Apart from all other considerations, they have sacrificed their freedom to come and go; no superior would call upon either of them without taking the other into account,—still less so if there be children to complicate the situation and to multiply the Karmic claims. Inner development remains open to them; the contemplative life remains within their reach; but active service, in what might be called the Lodge Militant, will be immensely difficult if not impossible.

"It comes to this: marriage and its discipline are for the less evolved. When a man has passed the stage of being pushed or enticed along in spite of himself, and is ready for the higher development of discipleship, marriage becomes a sin in the sense that, as stated a few minutes ago, sin consists in lingering in a stage which we ought to have left behind,—constitutes a refusal to evolve: a deadly sin".

We were on the point of breaking up, when the Ancient asked if he might make a parting suggestion on a totally different subject. "The summer is just round the corner", he said, "and, as we know, this means that while physical nature expands and becomes intensely active, the tide of the spirit turns inward, after its period of exfoliation during our physical winter. Most people, following the tide of outer life, are planning vacations in the exterior sense, thinking nothing of the needs of the spirit. It is for us, I suggest, to plan for our vacations, but in a very different sense,—not necessarily to the exclusion of

outer plans, but basing these upon the inner and real opportunity, and upon the wish to follow the inner tide and to co-operate with its purposes.

"Summer gives us the occasion to digest and assimilate the lessons of the winter's activity, and to readjust or re-tune ourselves after its almost unavoidable distractions. The very fact that most of us have spent the winter in cities, in the midst of hideous and literally devilish noises, means that our aura, our psychic atmosphere, has been frayed and torn, and that we need a bath of silence to heal these wounds and to restore our equilibrium,—not only outer silence, but the silence of the spiritual world, the inner silence, which is the source of all real music, of all real literature, of all real art. Naturally, also, no matter how destructive the effect of outer noises—the clang of metal on metal, the thud of wood on wood, the raucous, strident tones of human voices—bringing, as they do, their hosts of elementals—the noises of the mind disrupt more deeply. There is no cure for those wounds except by lifting and holding our consciousness far above them, on a plane of harmonious, creative stillness."

"Do you mean", asked the Beginner, evidently with some alarm, "that we should spend our summers *meditating?*"

The Ancient laughed. "Excellent, if you could do it", he said; "but there are not many who could,—that is, not without the aid of books."

"What books? Do you mean books like *The Voice of the Silence*, *The Imitation of Christ*, the *Bhagavad Gîta?*" I think he saw his summer disappearing.

"A man of one subject is master of none", the Ancient replied. "Discipleship requires the development, and therefore the nourishment, of all the faculties, and just as no one could support life physically by eating nothing but bread, no matter how wholesome that may be as part of a mixed diet, so the heart and mind, the imagination and will, each requires different kinds of sustenance,—bone-forming, heat-supplying, and all the rest of it. Leaving that analogy, we must learn to see things in relation to one another; otherwise we see them only in terms of one dimension. Is it not true, for instance, that although an uneducated man may find beauty and comfort and instruction in the Bible, the wider our reading the more keenly do we become able to appreciate, not only its religious significance, but the supremacy of the King James version in English literature,—one of the greatest works of art which the world has produced? Is it not equally true that a man who has never been outside his own village, and who has never even read of other towns and countries, cannot possibly see his environment truly? Part of the confusion arises from the habit of seeing religion as a department of life (when it is not seen as entirely separate from life), instead of realizing that it is universal, and that it comprehends the whole of life, in all its departments, with all our faculties and powers. A great poem is just as religious, in the true sense of the word, as the *Imitation*, while the *Imitation* could not be truly religious unless it were, in the deeper sense, a great poem".

"But how distinguish between the great and the trivial?" questioned the Beginner.

"It seems to me", the Ancient replied, "that no work of art, no prose or poem,

can be ranked as great, unless there be something universal in its appeal; it must carry us back to fundamental unity; to one age as to another, it must appear beautiful,—not the admiration of a day, but of eternity. Can there ever be a time when Dante will not be recognized as inspiring and inspired?"

"Dante is very difficult", said the Beginner.

"Read instead, then, what Ruskin has to say about him", the Ancient countered; "but I am not suggesting Dante or anyone else as an exclusive diet, or even as a principal source of supply. Why not begin now, before the time for vacation, with some such book as *The Chobham Book of English Prose*, by Stephen Coleridge. It is not a book of extracts, though it contains extracts from the works of many great writers; it is a book of appreciations, written by a man of wide culture, of high standards, of keen perception, with an intense love of beauty. To share his experience is a delight. He will open new vistas and will point out new paths to follow in the domain of reading; and he will reveal new glories in what has already been read, arousing a desire to re-read with deeper insight and sympathy.

"If, by any chance, a book of that kind does not appeal to you, turn to Emerson, or to any of the great poets,—to Keats, Tennyson, Shelley, or to the much-abused Byron. They have the power to lift us above the things of earth, because their work is real, and reality is inherently magical."

"I do not find them so very easy to understand", the Beginner murmured plaintively.

"Perhaps that is because you try too hard to understand", the Ancient answered. "Understanding follows liking, and liking springs from intimacy. It is a fatal mistake to chew with your mind; let the words soak in,—their music, their rhythm, their colour, their feeling. If you do that, understanding will be evoked from the depths of your own soul; certain things will come to life inside,—things essential for discipleship; perceptions without which we must remain for ever, far off, 'in the region of unlikeness'. In fact, what I am suggesting is not only a bath of spiritual silence, to wash away the traces of too close contact with earth, but a method of evocation, a method of return to the heart of things, to the spirit of the Lodge, to the place where our souls see the Light and are at peace."

Once more we were on the point of breaking up, when one of our number, a member of very long record, from the days of H. P. B. and Judge, onwards, pointed to a copy of the *New York Times*, containing an instalment of "My Experiences in the World War" by General Pershing, which another of us was holding. "Next to a Red Indian, if anyone can call himself an American, I suppose I can", he said; and we knew that it was so, because we knew that his forbears on both sides had been among the founders of the Republic, and had rendered distinguished service in succeeding generations. "Those memoirs", he continued, "are a bitter disappointment, a most painful disillusionment. He did so splendidly in so many ways,—and now these memoirs! This is a very rough analogy, but it may serve to express the feeling which Americans of earlier days would have had, and which Americans of that type—the tragi-

cally few remaining—have to-day. . . . A man has been thrown overboard from a boat capsized with malignant intent. You go in after him, and for three days and three nights hold on to that man and that boat. A burly longshoreman, who has seen the whole proceeding, and in reply to your appeals for help has shouted back that it was none of his business—that he is 'neutral in thought and act'—finally decides to do something. He gets out his boat, launches it, and pulls you both out of the water—you, utterly exhausted, still doing your utmost and helping him in his rescue,—indeed, making it possible. Does the credit for the exploit rest with the longshoreman who loudly boasts of it; who says: 'This is the way the thing can be done when *I* do it'; who swears at your state of exhaustion and expatiates on your 'low state of morale',—or does it belong to *you?* And what do you suppose that the high gods looking on, think of that longshoreman,—or any decent man for the matter of that! It would appear that there are some lands in which gentlemen have almost ceased to exist."

Then, after a pause: "This country was chosen, we are told, as the soil in which the Sixth Race is to develop. I am beginning to think that its people, though of course without knowledge of that fact, have sensed it, and have telescoped the possible future with the present,—disastrously. But Masters always have more than one string to their bow, and they can and do change their minds. Greece had her chance and failed; Palestine was chosen instead. Palestine failed, and to the Jews it was said, 'The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' Conceit and self-satisfaction are hideously destructive of spiritual life. I can only say that as an American, I am mortified, ashamed, and inexpressibly disgusted."

"Yes", said the Student: " 'My Experiences in the World War, or, How I beat Germany in *Spite* of the Allies.' "

We adjourned. T.

The Buddha said:

" '*It is sweet as honey.*' *So thinks the fool while as yet the evil has not ripened, but when it ripens he suffers pain.*"—DHAMMAPADA.

Wisdom is a peculiar treasure; you begin to acquire it as you lose everything else.—SENECA.

KARMA AND FREE-WILL[1]

EVERY student of Theosophy is aware that the meaning which is ordinarily given to the Sanscrit word Karma is "Action". Further, there is attached to it the kindred idea of "Reaction", and these two meanings, when sufficiently expanded, give a very wide and logical explanation of the action of the Law of Karma as affecting the general life of man. It is only, however, when study is carried more deeply that students begin to perceive that men seem to be bound by a "Circle of Necessity" from which there appears to be no escape; while others declare at first sight that the Law of Karma is but another expression for the Mohammedan "Kismet", and a more or less plausible pleading for the adoption of "fatalism" as affecting mankind. No amount of discussion will serve to convince such persons that the flaw which they think that they have found is no flaw at all, and this is, it would seem, because they have never yet realized that the Law of Karma or "action" applies not merely to man but to the whole Universe of which man is but a small and insignificant part. Moreover, there arises in the mind of the student another idea which is mistaken. As Mme. Blavatsky long ago pointed out, Karma is not only Karma-Nemesis, or the reaction following upon evil conditions, but it also bears with it the reward for efforts towards good actions. Thus, then, if we regard the Law of Action in its true proportion, we see that it governs the whole Universe, ordering the stars in their courses as well as men in theirs; that, in reality, if we carry the consideration from the moral and physical planes of action to the metaphysical, the statement of the Law of Karma in its entirety is but another expression of the great Law or Principle of which we neither know nor can know anything save that three of its expressions or manifestations are Life, Consciousness, and Motion or action. Consequently the Law of Karma or the Law of Action is also the Law of harmonious action in which action and reaction are balanced and equal. In other words, the Law of Karma is the Law of Harmony in the Universe. It is only when the Unity of Harmony is separated into its component parts of Tune and Discord, or Action and Reaction, that we are able to appreciate the fact of differentiation. . . .

[1] Reprinted from *The Path*, Vol. VI, p. 213, October, 1891.

Thus Karma is not really opposed to "Free-Will" when Karma is properly understood. It is also true that Free-Will has not really received its full meaning. Generally it is understood to mean that a man is absolutely free to choose between two courses of action or the possession of certain qualities in himself, and in fact is a law to himself in every particular. Such a view can and does proceed from selfish, self-centred individuals alone, the product of this age of denial and materialism. It is, however, opposed by all religious systems, and is actually opposed by the practical social work of the most advanced materialistic thinkers. It is only one of those attempts which selfish man makes to realize his idea that he is the sum and crown of all nature, and that, if he chooses, everything in nature must be subservient to him. In other words, the man who follows this idea may be free, while all others who come in contact with him must be his slaves. Even if this were possible, there is one enemy which such a man would have to conquer before he became all-powerful, and that enemy is the law of change, and he would have to conquer the great change called death. Therefore, since the laws of nature are stronger than the will or desire of the individual, or rather, of the personal man, freedom of will is only possible for man when he is in close alliance with nature and her laws.

If we regard nature we can plainly see that, however much we may be able to modify our surroundings, we commence with a certain capital in hand, as does everything from a planet in its orbit to the stone of which that planet is formed. In other words, everything in nature is within what is called the "Circle of Necessity". Everything has had its origin in the one universal Principle, and acts according to the laws which are inherent in that Principle. These are the natural laws which are universally applicable, and therefore may be called universal or natural law. Upon them depends the very nature of existence, and, whatever may be the appearance which we see, the real nature and essence of everything in the universe depend upon and conform to these laws. Therefore it follows that this "Circle of Necessity" is the necessity for manifestation arising in the great Principle, which, from being unmanifested, becomes manifested during the great periods of time which are called Manvantaras in the Orient. Within this "Circle of Necessity"—this great general scheme of evolution and development—there are other possibilities. One of these possibilities is that the products of evolution can diverge from the general line; in other words, that while the general manifestation of will and purpose arising in the one great Principle is fixed and determined for a certain progress during a certain time, the units of evolution manifesting such will, can, and do vary in the rate of manifestation. That this is the case is particularly seen with the evolution of mental processes. When this point is arrived at in the general scheme, the divergences from the general law become more and more marked. In fact, in the evolution of the animal world the entity known as man has arrived at the age of responsibility, and, having become self-conscious of his relation to his surroundings, has chosen to act for himself and deal with his own actions as seems best to him. He has had the choice before him of either slowly following the general line of the evolution of the animal races strictly according to the

line of evolution in the "Circle of Necessity", or he may go beyond and outside of it in a measure by retreating into the more subtile region of his own nature, and so quicken the processes of manifestation. . . .

Further, through the choice which has been made to quicken the processes, or by reason of mistakes arising through ignorance or through deliberate errors because they are found to be more pleasing to the external nature of the animal man,—habits and customs have sprung up which have an ever-increasing tendency to repeat themselves. Further than this, these habits and customs blind men to the real nature of the customs, and, because they are found to exist in large numbers in common, they are therefore thought to be right. In fact, men bind themselves by these habits and customs, and in this way they limit their free-will. They have made for themselves a false "Circle of Necessity" from which they neither can nor do desire to free themselves. But at the same time a feeling of pride causes them to assert that they are free, and therefore this question of Free-Will and Fatalism causes them to revolt against the Law of Karma. There are many who insist that they are free, and feel themselves to be so until they are brought face to face with nature. By this I do not mean to say that they are swept away in a storm or by any other natural convulsion, but they are brought face to face with facts within their own nature which they are unable to control. They then find that with all their boast of power they are but puny mortals after all, and that the immortal powers exist in nature and themselves in spite of all they can say or do to the contrary.

Thus there is the choice before man in his present existence. Either he has to choose a course of action which is in harmony with the true laws of nature, or he has to take the opposite course. As a general rule it may be said that the growth of the habits and customs which cause man to take this opposite course is due to ignorance of his own true nature, and therefore of nature at large. A slight divergence from the general and natural line of harmony will have a tendency to widen more and more until it is scarcely possible to trace the line in all its windings and deviations. Thus when man finds himself face to face with the retributive and restorative action of the harmonious law, he is apt to be so short-sighted as to cry out against it and say that he has not deserved the punishment. He, as a rule, is totally ignorant of the larger sphere of life provided by the law of moral compensation working through Reincarnation. He is unable and at times unwilling to perceive the dictates of his own real nature, and depends entirely upon external conditions. Therefore his will—his natural will—is fettered by ignorance, and it is his own will that punishes him. . . . In short, will which is eternally free is identical with Karma, each having its rise in the one great Eternal principle of the Universe. As the *Bhagavad Gîta* says in Chap. VIII,—"Karma is the emanation which causes the existence . . . of creatures."

A. KEIGHTLEY.

ERRATA: in the January, 1931, issue: page 291, line 24,—"17 Avenue Road" should be "19 Avenue Road", and on line 28, "19" should be "17."

REVIEWS

In Defence of Magic, by Catharine Cook Smith; The Dial Press, New York; price, $2.50.

Mrs. Smith believes that modern civilization is a marvellous production of the human reason and will, but that it has not made man any happier or wiser. "On the whole our emotional life is chaotic and a child may grow up well trained physically and mentally, although his emotions may be unregulated to an extent that would shock a self-respecting Bushman" (p. 99). She suggests that our reasoning faculties have been over-stimulated, at the expense of our affections and our immediate intuitions of reality. We have gained an unprecedented control over physical nature, but we have lost something infinitely more precious, the "awareness of the living mystery" which informs nature. Every man is potentially aware of that mystery, but his sense of it must be awakened to make it an effective power in his consciousness. It is the function of magic—as Mrs. Smith conceives it—to vitalize our higher emotions and to stabilize our inner life; and all its rites and symbols, its spells and mystical phrases are means to that end. "The fundamental purpose of religious rites is the control of a power which we are all conscious of possessing. There are moments, called forth by beauty and mystery, when our sense of strength and joy is suddenly enhanced. What is this mysterious emotion? Its understanding rests upon an acceptance of the idea of Irrational truth,—called Irrational because it is a reflection of facts about the universe which the reason is inadequate to reproduce. The concepts of science in the last analysis rest on measurement, on quantities. Irrational truth is concerned with qualities, qualities mysterious but disguised under names such as courage, love and faith" (pp. 14–15).

All of this is interesting and suggestive, but as a representation of the theory of magic it seems to be very limited. Magic, as defined by the magicians themselves, is the process of complete self-transformation. Certainly they never conceived magical experience as exclusively or even primarily emotional. The fact that modern science opposes magic, does not imply that magic is necessarily irrational. The ancients called magic the sacred science, suggesting that if its propositions seem unintelligible to the uninitiated student, this may be because his own reasoning powers are warped and deficient. The intellect, refined and clarified, cannot be left out of the magician's consciousness, without depriving him of self-consciousness.

Also, the magician needs intellect as a means of discernment and discrimination. How otherwise can he distinguish between his various emotional reactions? At every stage of his experience, discernment must be exercised, for his magic can awaken the evil in him quite as easily as the good. Mrs. Smith is not sufficiently impressed by the universal tradition that there are two "magics",—the white and the black. There is all the difference in the world between the selfless love of the "living mystery", and the desire merely to multiply and to intensify emotional thrills. The former is a motive power in white magic, and the latter is not.

This explains another universal tradition, that a long probationary period of *moral* training and discipline must precede instruction in practical magic. Perhaps the real trouble with the emotions of the modern man is that he does practise a kind of practical magic without sufficient moral preparation. Unfortunately, much of modern psychology bears all the appearances of being elemental magic of a most unsavoury kind. Mrs. Smith herself seems

to have been deluded by the panaceas of the psycho-analysts and their kin. Thus she says that "Jung's method of reading dreams may be considered the process of private magic, as distinguished from collective magic, which is the rite as practised by the primitives" (p. 91). At least one student of the history of magic hopes that Mrs. Smith does not really mean what she says, for he finds it hard to imagine a worse point of departure for the would-be magician. He ventures to recommend to her "the process of private magic" as taught and exemplified by two white magicians, by Christ and by Buddha. S. L.

The Mysterious Universe, by Sir James Jeans; The Macmillan Company; price, $2.00.

Most distinguished among men of science in England to-day, and also most brilliant, are the two astronomers, Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington. There is a marked parallelism in their thinking and their books, together with undoubted independence of thought, so that each adds confirmation to the other, suggesting that they are really representative of the foremost thought of our time.

The book which Sir James Jeans published in 1929, *The Universe Around Us*, discusses the same subjects as the somewhat earlier books of Eddington, *Stars and Atoms* (1927) and *The Nature of the Physical World*,—with the difference that, while Jeans closes his work with somewhat vague hopes and aspirations for future humanity, Eddington wrote with more courage and determination, notably in the concluding chapters of his book, which are in effect a defence of mystical religion as this distinguished scientist conceives it. The outstanding fact about the book under review is that, perhaps through considering the brave affirmations of his colleague, Jeans has now taken heart of grace, and has come out on the side of the angels as definitely as Eddington. More than that, he uses much the same arguments to establish the same conclusions. Starting with certain observed indeterminate activities of the atom, both astronomers have strongly attacked the old dogma of scientific determinism. Both direct their argument to a decided affirmation of the freedom of the will, which is essential to any conception of moral responsibility. Both recognize the truth that consciousness is the primary reality, the one thing of which we have firsthand knowledge, and both make it exceedingly clear that there is a large dose of illusion in the manner in which appearances of the supposed external world present themselves to consciousness. The truth is they go so far that they come within hailing distance of "acosmism", almost embarking on pure subjectivism. Jeans several times affirms that the Architect of the Universe is a cosmic mathematician, a universal mathematical thinker, because we find manifested in the universe exactly the same principles as have come to the surface from the depths of our consciousness. It is a complete return to the aphorism attributed to Pythagoras: "God geometrizes". Yet the universe thus presented to us is more insubstantial than Prospero's pageant; it is too remotely correlated with the problems of life, as we know them from experience. One finds difficulty in establishing a moral leverage.

Sir Oliver Lodge evidently had in his mind a similar misgiving, when he wrote (in *Nature*, November 22, 1930):

"In so far as Jeans exhibits the tendency of modern physics in an idealistic direction, I have naturally no quarrel and welcome his support. Only I do not feel that his contention, that a mathematician alone can hope to understand the universe, is one that will stand scrutiny or substantiate itself. That the Divine Mind can deal with abstractions more fully than any mathematician may be granted, but an Infinite Being has no limitations. His dealing with the abstract does not prevent His also dealing with concrete realities, or cause Him to abstain from attention to the utmost minutiæ."

The controversy, if one can so describe it, is most significant, as showing the progressive spiritualizing of contemporary scientific thought. J.

The Heroic Life of St. Vincent de Paul, by Henri Lavedan; translated by Helen Younger Chase; Longmans, Green and Co., New York, 1929; price, $2.50.

M. Lavedan, a member of the French Academy as well as of the Legion of Honour, is one of the foremost dramatists of France, and his life of St. Vincent de Paul is, from beginning to

end, a drama of the most vivid kind, with a richness of almost incredible adventure; with sudden and sharp contrasts which hold the attention and stimulate the imagination. It would indeed be difficult to find a life more picturesquely crowded with amazing trials and heroic achievements than was the life of this "saint". A poor shepherd boy of the Landes, in the time of Henri IV, when France was torn with civil and religious wars, he determined, at an early age, to consecrate himself wholly to Christ, and henceforth his life was one long series of amazing tests of every description—capture by Turkish brigands, and slavery on the Barbary coast; residence at a profligate court as almoner to the Reine Margot ("like a prayer-book dropped in some palace drawing-room"), where with difficulty he preserved the austerity of the life to which he had resolutely given himself; joyfully volunteering, unknown to anyone, for the chains, the scourging and the filth of the galleys, in order better to investigate the pitiful sufferings to which the galley slaves were subjected; haunting the prisons where conditions, difficult to imagine, were found—the prisoners "attached like savage dogs to the walls by chains", turned into beasts by suffering. We see him as the shy and retiring instructor of young aristocrats, in gorgeous surroundings, always distasteful to him; or living a life of seclusion and hardship (which he loved) among the destitute of country districts; as a founder of colossal Charitable Institutions, with not a penny to his name; or, when over sixty, giving up the little sleep which he had still allowed himself, in order that he might roam the dark and bandit-infested streets of Paris, in search of abandoned babies. This man stopped at nothing, and his heart was so great that it included everything. He had seen all sides of life, all sorts and conditions of men, and this, added to a native shrewdness, and a singularly warm and sympathetic disposition, gave him a penetration, an understanding of human hearts, which was almost supernatural. He read human hearts as easily as he looked into human faces, and no matter what depths of depravity he might find there, he was never appalled, he never drew back; his own heart only glowed the brighter with pity. With a kind of holy insolence he would walk right up to the most hardened and desperate sinners of his time, and force them to bend the knee to Christ. But he accomplished this through an unbelievable gentleness, simplicity and warmth of feeling. "He did not try to make them admit the depth of their moral fall; he emphasized it as little as possible. . . . And yet Vincent succeeded. The effect of his holiness upon these gangrenous lives was beyond belief. He approached them and the evil fled from them." St. Vincent's sweetness was so terrible that no one could resist it. He had the great gift of calling out the best in everyone he met—because he always looked for the best. If there was a spark of Jesus Christ in anyone, St. Vincent fanned that spark into a living flame. He loved that soul until it became an agony to himself and to that other, but victory for his Master always followed, and that, of course, was all that Vincent asked or wanted. He had the heart of a child and the courage of a lion; the spirit of Gascony—the fire, the fury, the quick wit and the *bonhomie*. He ranged through a long life of eighty-four years, like a ravening wolf—his thirst for souls was never appeased. All, *all* must be won; "he undertook everything and achieved everything." There was nothing pale or diaphanous about St. Vincent. He was more than a man of flesh and blood; he was a dynamo. That is why he is so interesting to students of Theosophy—because he had so many of the qualities which are necessary for discipleship. "To give, to give himself, . . . to give everything, his care, his time, his thoughts, his days, his nights, his body and his soul"—that was St. Vincent's constant and aching desire; that, through a long life of hardship and toil, was his unfailing practice. And as extreme old age overtook him, did he relax his efforts? On the contrary, he redoubled them. With his great, dusty boots, and his thin, frayed and patched cassock hanging loosely over his stooping, aged shoulders; in the biting winter winds, or the burning summer heat; dressed always the same, he trudged along the highways, or he entered the palaces of Kings, heedless of himself, but with the light of heaven in his kindly old eyes, until at last, worn and spent in the service of his Master, the morning came when, sitting tranquilly in an armchair, in the little, bare and shabby room which was the only sort he would ever consent to occupy, with his crucifix held to his lips, "very simply and sincerely", he died, just as the clock struck four—his usual hour for rising.

We can hardly say how much we owe of gratitude to M. Lavedan for this inspiring Life,

written with such searching and deep sympathy; so full of the vitality and *élan* which enabled St. Vincent ("at once prudent and supremely daring") to carry all before him. It is a vivid and romantic life—the kind of romance of which Theosophy approves, because it is the very essence of discipleship. The translation is so good, that the reader does not think of it as a translation, and this is the highest praise. T. D.

The Life of the Ant, by Maurice Maeterlinck; The John Day Company, New York; price, $2.50.

Philosophers from the days of the Upanishads and Solomon, down to the myrmecologists of our own day, have been interested in the ant, not primarily because of its peculiar charm, but because they are interested in Intelligence; because they are fascinated by the recognition of an understanding in many ways so like that of human beings, though in an organism bearing little resemblance to the human brain. They are led on in their investigations by a half-conscious feeling that they are dealing with Intelligence directly, in a wonderful manifestation. Darwin makes this clear when he writes (*The Descent of Man*, part I, Chap. II):

"It is certain that there may be extraordinary mental activity with an extremely small absolute mass of nervous matter: thus the wonderfully diversified instincts, mental powers, and affections of ants are notorious, yet their cerebral ganglia are not so large as the quarter of a pin's head. Under this point of view, the brain of an ant is one of the most wonderful atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of a man."

And in his sixth chapter, Darwin adds an eloquent page describing the marvels of the intelligence, social life and varied industries of the ant. Darwin wrote some sixty years ago. Since then there has been a host of keen observers in every country on the globe. Maeterlinck, who has carried out some independent observations, undertakes to sum up what they have recorded, and to interpret it. What is the fruit of his undertaking?

The estimate of his work will depend upon the point of view. To those who are not mystics, Maeterlinck may appear to be a mystic, giving a spiritual appreciation of an immensely interesting region of life manifested in the ants. He insists that their intelligence and consciousness are as real as those of human beings, and by no means mere reflex actions of complex automatic mechanisms. He insists even more strongly on the strong moral element which inspires their co-operative activities, which illustrate a completeness of sacrifice and selflessness that in many respects puts human beings to shame. Finally, he applies to the ants the really luminous idea which he had previously used to interpret the life history of the bee: the spirit, not now of the hive, but of the community of ants. Ants are anarchists in the sense that they have no such visible ruler as, let us say, the leader of a herd of elephants; they are communists, since they sink all individual advantage in the welfare of the community; they are admirably intelligent in their co-operation, in the absence of any visible director. Therefore Maeterlinck makes a mental picture of a co-operative, guiding spirit, a collective organism in whose life the separate ants are like the separate cells in our bodies, a life which, compared to these separate cells, is immortal.

So far so good. Yet, when he comes to reason concerning human life, it becomes evident that Maeterlinck's mind is not genuinely mystical, but rather psychical and emotional. He is a good deal of a materialist at heart. For him, the immortality of the soul is a vanishing superstition, for which we must learn to substitute something like the immortality of the ant-hill. Yet, with this limitation, his work may prove to be a valuable bridge. It is something to have the collective consciousness of the ant community clearly stated and proved.

J.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 356.—*What does Theosophy mean when it says that it is as important that we should be just to ourselves as to others? Would not this sometimes justify "personal" resentment, or if not resentment, at least a stand for justice?*

ANSWER.—Regarding the matter abstractly, it is as important that man should be just to himself as to others, because at whatever point he is unjust he upsets the balance of justice in the universe, and thereby causes lack of equilibrium which must be corrected. More concretely, the matter is one of right self-identification. Man is a creature of two natures, a lower or personal nature, and a higher or divine nature. Properly to be just to himself, he must act from his higher nature, identifying himself with it and regarding his lower nature impersonally. If, on the contrary, he is still identified with his lower nature, he cannot be just either to himself or others. Man's lower nature is the excuse-seeker and the complainer. Whenever there is *personal* resentment and the desire for self-justification, there is wrong self-identification. The higher nature welcomes impartial justice and is not resentful whether the lower nature "feels" offended or not. Until he is reasonably sure of right self-identification, it would be better for a man to concern himself about trying to be just to others, rather than to seek justice for himself. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—In order to be "just", we should have at least a certain measure of that rare quality: the ability to be absolutely honest with one's self. We should look at ourselves impersonally, with detachment. By so doing, we shall not stoop to the harbouring of resentment, nor shall we seek self-justification. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—The question does not seem entirely clear, but when it is said that we must be "just" to ourselves, we are surely mistaken if we interpret this to mean that we may make excuses for ourselves; also, "a stand for justice", in any true sense, could not be considered as synonymous with, or even allied to "personal resentment". The first, if real and impersonal, would probably be wholly justifiable; the second not so, under any circumstances. Has not the phrase, "to be just to ourselves", a far deeper meaning than merely justifying ourselves, as the question seems to imply? There should, for instance, be no temptation to justify our actions; there is great need, however, to see that our actions justify us (our best ideals), and could we find a better way than this of being "just to ourselves"? T. A.

ANSWER.—That we should be as just to ourselves as to others, simply means that we should judge ourselves truly, without exaggeration and without hysteria. It means that we should not seek to excuse ourselves in our own eyes, as excuses and explanations have nothing whatever to do with facts, while there can be no excuse in any circumstances for bad or for partly selfish motive. The second part of the question is based upon a total misunderstanding: it is very seldom our duty to judge others, or to apportion blame as between ourselves and others. There would be no time for this—apart from other considerations—if we were to perform the primary duty of judging ourselves. See W. Q. Judge, *passim.* H.

QUESTION NO. 357.—*Are "lower nature" and "personality" synonymous as used by members of the T. S.?*

ANSWER.—The lower nature and the personality are not synonymous. Lower nature is unadulterated evil. The personality is often a mixture of good and evil, although many of us have allowed it to be seized upon and used by the lower nature. The personality is an instrument, with which we should not identify ourselves, and which we should train and purify in order that it may become a fitting tool for the use of the higher nature. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—They are often used synonymously and interchangeably. But there is, in fact, a difference. The "personality" may be regarded as synonymous with the Lower Quaternary, while the "lower nature" may be considered as embracing those baser elements which must be eliminated and transmuted,—"drawn up" as it were,—before the Lower Quaternary can become the servant of the Higher Triad. C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 358.—*In training ourselves "to look for correspondences everywhere", is not the student in danger of making all sorts of fanciful and psychic mistakes, of seeing them where they do not exist?*

ANSWER.—In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. B. speaks of "the Occult Doctrine with regard to correspondences of types and ante-types in nature", and of "perfect analogy as a fundamental law in Occultism". It therefore behooves students of Theosophy to study and experiment with these occult doctrines, even if we make all kinds of mistakes. If a sincere and honest effort is made, our mistakes will not be dangerous; on the contrary, they will help us to learn. A careful study and application of the parables of Christ might be helpful in this connection. G. H. M.

ANSWER.—Is there not also the likelihood of our making endless different kinds of mistakes in the process of training ourselves for *anything?* And are not the lessons we learn from these mistakes a valuable part of our training? We are not surprised when, as students in a chemical laboratory, for instance, we attempt chemical combinations which prove to be the reverse of what we intended. We simply continue our studies with added understanding and knowledge. Perhaps if, in trying to apply the doctrine of correspondences, we remember that we are to look for similarity, and not identity, in the objects or states which we feel should correspond, it will help us to avoid fanciful and psychic mistakes. T. A.

ANSWER.—Yes. The test of the reality of the correspondence which we think we see, must lie in what happens when we start in to do something about it. Does it "work"? What are the results? C. R. A.

ANSWER.—It all depends upon the student. If he is constantly "making all sorts of fanciful and psychic mistakes" in his consideration of his own life and the life which surrounds him, and "seeing things where they do not exist" (and this is far from uncommon!), no doubt he will do the same thing when looking for correspondences. But there is nothing inherent in the law of correspondence itself, nor in the reasonable application of the idea when considering life, which need unbalance anyone, nor add to his mental confusion. It should be helpful. C. M. S.

ANSWER.—It depends upon how the student goes about training himself to look for correspondences. If he follows mere fancy, he soon will be drifting aimlessly in a psychic muddle of pseudo-correspondences. Above all else occult science is practical, and its depths are plumbed by imagination well ruled. The student must begin with that which he knows, and reason logically and coherently from there. For example, the law of gravity can help him to understand a necessary step in his spiritual development. As, under the law of gravity, every mass is drawn to the earth, so the student is drawn and held by earthly things as long as desire for them binds him to them; but, once his desire for earthly or material things is gone,

their hold on him is broken, and he is able to turn from the concerns of the mundane, lower nature, to those of the divine, higher nature. Surrounded as he is by hosts of practical examples such as this, it is the fault of the student if he permits fancy to lead him astray.

G. M. W. K.

QUESTION NO. 359.—*I am confused in reading Theosophical literature by the various terms—mahatma, adept, master, initiate, and so on—which seem to be used indifferently to denote Lodge members: are they synonymous or do they signify varying degrees of attainment?*

ANSWER.—The spiritual hierarchy contains many degrees of attainment. Just what degree each grade represents can only be known by attaining to that grade oneself. In ascending order there are Chêlas, Adepts, Mahatmas, Dhyan Chohans and higher ranks beyond our knowledge, with subdivisions of each degree, such as lay chêlas, probationary chêlas, and accepted chêlas. The term "Master" is applied to Mahatmas and higher grades. Each grade, one would suppose, must have its own initiations, but the term "Initiate", while often loosely used, is not properly applied to anyone below the rank of an Adept. B.

ANSWER.—It is true that these terms have often appeared to be used synonymously, yet in general they denote differing degrees of spiritual evolution. This will be clearly seen if one refers to *The Theosophical Glossary*. There we read, for instance, that a Mahatma is "an Adept of the highest order", the natural inference being that within the ranks of Adeptship, there are various degrees of spiritual attainment. That there are also differences of degree even in the lofty state of Mahatmaship, is sure to be felt by anyone who reads *The Mahatma Letters;* and if, as we are told, all manifested existence is hierarchical, then to know that there are degrees within degrees should not surprise us. The same law would therefore apply to the term "Initiate". In *The Mahatma Letters* (page 99) we read: "The degrees of an Adept's initiation mark the seven stages at which he discovers the secret of the sevenfold principles in nature and man and awakens his dormant powers." We also read of "the last and supreme initiation", when the aspirant (it would seem) becomes an Initiate proper, having successfully passed the lesser initiations on the way. The word "Master" has, perhaps, a somewhat general use. Thus, in *The Theosophical Glossary*, it is said that an Adept is one who has "become a Master in the science of Esoteric philosophy." But it also has a deeply personal meaning such as "Guru", the relation of Master and chêla. So we see that all these terms "denote Lodge members", but that they also represent occult rank, consisting of "varying degrees of attainment", and that therefore, strictly speaking, they are not synonymous. T. A.

ANSWER.—One ventures to suggest that no serious harm will befall the querent, if he accept the terms as synonymous for most present, practical purposes. The Lodge is, doubtless, a hierarchy, but how can we expect to understand the qualifications of its degrees? Moreover, it is certain that spiritual rank is not conferred by outward means. A Mahatma is a Mahatma because he incarnates and manifests a certain divine character. The Master stands at the head of a line of Adepts and Initiates who manifest various spiritual qualities in varying degree. Their titles or names are attributes of their Self-consciousness. S. V.

ANSWER.—Why bother to split hairs as to who shall be first in the Kingdom of Heaven, and neglect the weightier matter of acquiring those qualities which go to make up a Chêla? Perhaps, as we progress in our effort to reach a humble place in the spiritual hierarchy, from which we may try to serve those just men made perfect, the relative rank of those above us may become increasingly clear. C. R. A.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

NOTICE OF CONVENTION

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

To the Branches of The Theosophical Society:

1. The Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at 64 Washington Mews, New York, on Saturday, April 25th, 1931, beginning at 10:30 A.M.

2. Branches unable to send delegates to the Convention are *earnestly requested* to send proxies. These may be made out to the Secretary T. S., or to any officer or member of the Society who is resident in New York or is to attend the Convention. These proxies should state the number of members in good standing in the Branch.

3. Branch Secretaries are asked to send their annual reports to the Secretary T. S. These reports should cover the significant features of the year's work and should be accompanied by a complete list of officers and members, with the full name and address of each; also a statement of the number of members gained or lost during the year; also a record of the place and time of Branch meetings. These reports should reach the Secretary T. S. by April 1st.

4. Members-at-large are invited to attend the Convention sessions; and all Branch members, whether delegates or not, will be welcome.

5. Following the custom of former years, the sessions of the Convention will begin at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. At 8:30 P.M. there will be a meeting of the New York Branch of the T. S., to which delegates and visitors are invited.

6. On Sunday, April 26th, at 4:30 P.M., tea will be served at 64 Washington Mews, to delegates, members, and the friends they wish to invite.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
Secretary, The Theosophical Society.
P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York, N. Y.

February 15th, 1931.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There are meetings on,—

April 11th and 25th (Convention Meeting)
May 9th and 23rd

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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The Theosophical Society

Founded by H. P. Blavatsky at New York in 1875

THE Society does not pretend to be able to establish at once a universal brotherhood among men, but only strives to create the nucleus of such a body. Many of its members believe that an acquaintance with the world's religions and philosophies will reveal, as the common and fundamental principle underlying these, that "spiritual identity of all Souls with the Oversoul" which is the basis of true brotherhood; and many of them also believe that an appreciation of the finer forces of nature and man will still further emphasize the same idea.

The organization is wholly unsectarian, with no creed, dogma, nor personal authority to enforce or impose; neither is it to be held responsible for the opinions of its members, who are expected to accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own.

The following proclamation was adopted at the Convention of the Society, held at Boston, April, 1895:

"The Theosophical Society in America by its delegates and members in Convention assembled, does hereby proclaim fraternal good will and kindly feeling toward all students of Theosophy and members of Theosophical Societies wherever and however situated. It further proclaims and avers its hearty sympathy and association with such persons and organizations in all theosophical matters except those of government and administration, and invites their correspondence and co-operation.

"To all men and women of whatever caste, creed, race, or religious belief, who aim at the fostering of peace, gentleness, and unselfish regard one for another, and the acquisition of such knowledge of men and nature as shall tend to the elevation and advancement of the human race, it sends most friendly greeting and freely proffers its services.

"It joins hands with all religions and religious bodies whose efforts are directed to the purification of men's thoughts and the bettering of their ways, and it avows its harmony therewith. To all scientific societies and individual searchers after wisdom upon whatever plane, and by whatever righteous means pursued, it is and will be grateful for such discovery and unfoldment of Truth as shall serve to announce and confirm a *scientific basis for ethics*.

"And lastly, it invites to its membership those who, seeking a higher life hereafter, would learn to know the *path* to tread in this."

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary T. S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York.